

The Listener

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A Masai warrior from Southern Highlands Province, Tanganyika, Lord Hailey's talk on 'Government in a Changing Africa' appears on page 335.

In this number :

The Sense of Prophecy (C. M. Woodhouse)
Recollections of German Historians (G. P. Gooch)
The Risen Christ (The Archbishop of Canterbury)

APRIL

A Very Faint Frenzy

PHLEGM, a characteristic traditionally associated with our race, is somehow not a very inspiring virtue, if indeed it is a virtue at all. We think of it as a stodgy, insensitive brand of fatalism—a useful, but not a dashing or an attractive trait. It has sustained us through the gloom and rigours of the winter. Now, with the approach of spring, we need it less and there are moments when we come near to feeling non-phlegmatic. The retreat from stoicism is never in danger of becoming a rout. We do not cut capers, or beat our breasts and declare that it is good to be alive. Only an exceptionally well-qualified observer could detect the slight mellowing in our customary toad-under-the-harrow demeanour. Other nations—more mercurial, more impulsive—greet the new season effusively; but their climates—and their licensing laws—are more liberal than ours, and we see no reason to lay on anything in the nature of a civic reception for a month quite capable, for all her airs and graces, of having a blizzard up her sleeve. But we do, nevertheless, begin to sit up and take notice. Our poets, luxuriating in their private hells, no longer break into the traditional paeans; but the ordinary man, asked how he fares, is apt to betray by his reply the fever stirring his blood.

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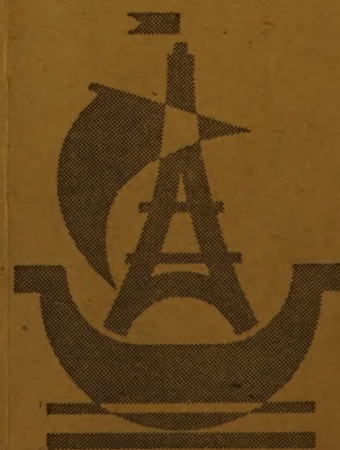
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CONTENTS

THE WORLD TODAY:			
Government in a Changing Africa (Rt. Hon. Lord Hailey) ...	335	LAW IN ACTION:	
The Future of Australia and New Zealand (Don Taylor) ...	337	International Monopolies and International Law (R. Y. Jennings) ...	
India's Second Five-Year Plan (Geoffrey Tyson) ...	339	POEMS:	
The Myth of Soviet Culture (Ivan Bilibin) ...	347	An Irish Poet for His Country (Maureen Duffy) ...	
The Destruction of the Stalin Cult (Erick de Mauny) ...	348	See in the Trees the Bright Birds Sing! (Hilary Corke) ...	
LITERATURE:			
The Sense of Prophecy (C. M. Woodhouse) ...	340	RELIGION:	
Furnaces Untapped (W. John Morgan) ...	361	The Risen Christ (The Rt. Hon. and Most Rev. Geoffrey Francis Fisher) ...	
The Listener's Book Chronicle ...	367	NEWS DIARY AND PHOTOGRAPHS OF THE WEEK ...	
THE LISTENER:			
A Novel Idea ...	342	THE THEATRE:	
What They Are Saying (foreign broadcasts) ...	342	How Can We Maintain our Repertory Theatres? (Ivor Brown) ...	
DID YOU HEAR THAT?			
Wall Paintings of Kempley (Canon D. Gethyn-Jones) ...	343	LETTERS TO THE EDITOR:	
The Merry Dancers (David Anderson) ...	343	From Sidney Salomon, Walter Pinner, Margaret Knight, Margaret Fulbohm, Dietrich Küchemann, Rev. A. W. Blanchett, Claude Marks, and A. R. Rodgers ...	
Some Seventeenth-century Prices (E. C. R. Lorac) ...	343	CRITIC ON THE HEARTH:	
Will the Nomad Lapps Disappear? (Margaret Fulbohm) ...	344	Television Documentary (Reginald Pound) ...	
Oddities in Parish Registers (T. A. Ryder) ...	344	Television Drama (Philip Hope-Wallace) ...	
Flowers for the Hostess (Beryl Sinclair) ...	344	Sound Drama (J. C. Trewin) ...	
BIOGRAPHY:			
Three South African Patriarchs (Marjorie Jutta) ...	345	The Spoken Word (Martin Armstrong) ...	
Heine, the <i>Enfant Terrible</i> of Music (Elsie Butler) ...	350	Music (Dyneley Hussey) ...	
Recollections of German Historians (G. P. Gooch) ...	351	MUSIC:	
ART:			
Round the London Galleries (Alan Clutton-Brock) ...	349	'Elijah': The Problem of Belief (Donald Mitchell) ...	
BROADCAST SUGGESTIONS FOR THE HOUSEWIFE ...			
NOTES ON CONTRIBUTORS ...			
CROSSWORD NO. 1,349 ...			

Government in a Changing Africa

By the Rt. Hon. LORD HAILEY

IF I were asked what part of Africa would today provide the most interesting study, I should find it hard to decide. Would it be North Africa, where Egypt is thrusting itself into the medley of international politics, and Algeria is illustrating in the crudest form the stresses which may have to be faced by the government of a country of mixed peoples? Or would it be West Africa, hot in the pursuit of self-determination? Or would it be that line of countries, running up from the Union into East Africa, where the pressure of economic development seems to have left no time for thinking out the problem of race relations?

The series of talks which I am now introducing* has taken the last group of countries for its field, and this has secured one great advantage. It has been possible to illustrate different aspects in the life of these countries by talks from men and women nearly all of whom are actually resident in them. The topics of which they will speak are for them not merely matters of academic study, but are part of their own lives.

If I myself now emphasise a more general aspect of the life of these countries, it is because I feel that this lies in the background of all the problems that others who follow me will discuss. I put it simply as follows. Everywhere the African, in the sense of the indigenous people of Africa, is today asserting for himself a much more dramatic part in the complex of Africa's problems. When I look back on the Africa which I began to study a few years before the outbreak of the war, I realise that the problems of government were the problems as Europeans saw them. The solutions which we then debated were those which at the time we believed to be best

for Africans. But Europeans were to take the lead in working them out, and it was to be Europeans who would, within reason, have the last voice in their settlement.

That picture is no longer true today. Every year that passes now sees the African himself fill a more important role in the developing drama of Africa. I do not wish to exaggerate the position. I do not suggest that the rising spirit of Africanism, if I may use that expression, is the outcome of a general movement or is inspired by a common purpose. On the contrary, it has a diversity as manifest as that of the different regions of Africa. It tends, moreover, to reflect something of the differences of the political philosophies of the European governments which continue to control so large a part of the continent.

I will take my illustration of this position as far as possible from within the area which is the subject of the present series of talks. In the Union of South Africa the present standards of life of the African community are relatively higher than those of its neighbours, but they depend entirely on the part which Africans play in the economic and industrial life of Europeans. The African cannot in any foreseeable future hope either to control this source of material development or to replace it. He needs the European as much as the European needs him. But he knows that only the most extreme apostle of the gospel of segregation can really envisage a future in which Africans could be hived off into a completely separate Native state or states. He knows also that in the industrial life of the Union he is every year increasing his quota to the ranks of semi-skilled if not skilled labour. What, then, must be his outlook

* We hope to print a selection from these talks on 'Aspects of Africa' in future numbers of THE LISTENER

on his future? Clearly it must be in so improving his status in the economic life of the Union that he can assert an unanswerable claim to take a larger part in its political and social life.

Africans in Southern Rhodesia are not in the same degree dependent on the development of the economic or industrial life of Europeans. Their own outlook is at the moment directed to an increase in the proportion of political representation now accorded to them. This, as they see it, can be used by them to secure a larger share in the social and other services provided by the state.

On the other hand, the Africans of Nyasaland have now for some years had before them the ideal of a government in which Africans will take the predominant part, and many of them are likely to continue active in opposing that element of the new Federation which may present an obstacle to achieving this. Uganda sees no such constitutional obstacle in its path. There the African has the relatively near vision of attaining a predominantly African government.

The Situation in Tanganyika

In Tanganyika the outlook of Africans needs some clearer definition. The current policy of the government now points to the maintenance of an equality of political power between the three communities, European, Asian, and African. But so artificial a system can endure only so long as an external power like ourselves is in a position, so to speak, to keep the ring and see that each community observes the rules of the game. As to Kenya, it will be easier to speak of the position when the present period of stress is past, and African opinion can free itself from the sinister influences which have lately distorted it.

If I were to trespass outside the field with which this series of talks will deal, I could readily find instances in British West Africa, for example, where the African community is far more confident of itself, and has gone much further in asserting its position. But my point is clear. The rising spirit of Africanism may vary from country to country in strength and direction. But, taking it as a whole, it adds up to something very different indeed from anything that a previous generation knew in its dealing with African affairs.

But I must turn now to the other side of the picture. What is the reaction of the different governments to this development? Over some of these governments, as for instance those in East Africa, this country still has a measure of control. Over others, as Southern Rhodesia, its control is so tenuous as to be in practice negligible. Over the Union our control has ceased to exist in any form, though there are some well-meaning people here who do not seem as yet to have appreciated this fact. But it is in dealing with the current policy of the Union that one needs to be in special measure realistic.

It is necessary to realise that *apartheid* is not by any means a doctrine that is held only by a reactionary section of the white population. The dynamic behind it lies in the conviction that some form of segregation of Africans is essential in order to maintain inviolate the supremacy of Europeans in the political and social life of the country. There may be party differences regarding the working of what has now come to be known as the operative application of segregation, but there seems to be no question that the majority of Europeans in the Union will stand together in asserting the principle of complete European supremacy. Whether the substance of the doctrine of segregation can be maintained in the future seems to me to depend on the answer to one crucial question. The industries of the Union now make a larger contribution to the national income than its mines or its agriculture. Can an industrialised Union afford to maintain the political segregation of the labour which has become vital to its existence?

Areas for Native Occupation

There are, however, some subsidiary matters on which outside opinion may reasonably ask for a hearing. The Union Government has not yet completed the acquisition of the area which the Herzog Administration of 1936 agreed should be provided for Native occupation. Let me recall that even when these purchases are completed, the Native area will amount to only about thirteen per cent. of the total area of the country. Secondly, there has of late years been serious consideration given to the question of the rehabilitation of the Native reserves, which have suffered gravely from soil deterioration. But the expenditure which this measure contemplates will bear no comparison with the liberal assistance given by the state to White farmers. Thirdly, there has been a movement to improve the notoriously bad conditions in which the large African populations of the towns have hitherto lived. That move-

ment was long overdue, and it is all the more welcome now. But it still shows little appreciation of the extent of the leeway that has to be made up if Africans are to be able to lead a decent form of urban life. And it is the African of the towns who now dominates the life of his community.

Then take Southern Rhodesia. Here also one must seek to be realistic. I should be more content if I could feel that the Europeans there were in fact as united on the policy of partnership, which will admit Africans to a share of authority, as the Europeans of the Union are united in an opposite direction. It would be unfortunate if there should be a widening of the differences which have begun to appear in the front which Europeans now present on this policy. Meanwhile, there is in the current policy of the Government one measure of great importance from the point of view I am now presenting. A recent law has initiated a scheme of rural progress which will not merely place African peasants throughout the country in possession of individual holdings, in place of their former communal tenure, but will expend considerable sums in assisting them to improve their production. That may mean a far-reaching change in African village life. What is more, it may at some future time result in a substantial increase in the number of Africans who will qualify for the vote.

Then, finally, I come to those territories of Central and East Africa over whose constitutional development this country retains some measure of control. Britain is engaged in extending to them a status of self-rule, following the pattern of the parliamentary form of government with which we ourselves are familiar. Some of us have been inclined to complain that the British public has never been able to realise that there may be other forms of government which are better suited to the conditions of Africa. That is true; but it may also be said that we are giving to these colonies something in which we ourselves have put our faith. For that reason, we should be able to give Africans more help in the introduction and working of the system than we could if we adopted any alternative form of government.

Nevertheless, it is often suggested that we ought to introduce a different form of administration in these areas, and should employ services which have a different type of approach towards the needs of Africans. But it seems to me too late in the day to suggest change in the system now. Constitutional change is no longer a steady march, it moves at a gallop. Moreover, I do not myself know from what source we could obtain those paragons who could do so much more to help Africans than the existing services have been able to achieve.

Lack of African Administrators

Here also I wish to be realistic. I see now a series of colonies, and notably those of West Africa, that are on the brink of attaining self-rule, but with no trained personnel of their own equipped to discharge the responsibilities of administration. That is a function which in an undeveloped country is of perhaps greater importance to the people than the possession of leading men who are competent in the field of politics. So that, if a change is needed in our present system of rule, let it begin by training Africans to take the place of Europeans in the responsibilities of administration.

I reflect that in India there was no such hiatus. For over a generation before the transfer of power we had been giving to Indians the same range of duties and responsibilities as to men who had been recruited in this country. I look back with pride on the work now being done in India by Indians who were once my own colleagues in the Administrative Service. Unless we now follow this example in the colonies, we shall have no such legacy to leave behind us in Africa.

—Third Programme

THE SPRING BOOK NUMBER OF 'THE LISTENER'

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A World of Their Own

DON TAYLOR on the future of Australia and New Zealand

AT a point where Queensland's Brisbane River begins to empty into the sea there stands a single stone pillar, surmounted by an eagle. On that pillar are the words 'They passed this way'. 'They' were the American soldiers, sailors, and airmen who embarked from Queensland ports to fight the Pacific battles which rolled back the threatened Japanese invasion of Australia. And that pillar has a significance in Australian history no less than that of the metal plate Captain Dirk Hartog nailed to a post at Shark's Bay in 1616, or of Botany Bay itself. In a real sense it is a permanent reminder of the end of an era, and of events which led to the Australian determination to be a nation in fact as well as in name. It marks the transition of the Australia which depended on Britain and the rest of the British Commonwealth to the Australia which, though still firmly attached to the Commonwealth, now links itself with additional allies, signs its own pacts and treaties, establishes its own diplomatic posts, and sends its troops to Malaya and Korea in nominal peace-time.

It is difficult for people in Britain—which has stood off the coast of Europe accepting the possibility of invasion as a condition of existence for centuries past—to realise the scar left by the war on Australian and New Zealand minds. The comfortable world in which they were backed by the power of Britain and her Commonwealth fell apart. With shocking speed, they became islands on the edge of the world, inadequately populated, cut off from their own kind, faced by the overwhelming power of an enemy not only ruthless but utterly alien to them. All that has happened since the end of the war has gone to strengthen the general opinion in both countries that they must stand on their own feet with all possible speed, and in the meantime seek what safeguards they can in strong allies and friendly neighbours.

The Anzus Pact which Australia and New Zealand signed with the United States wounded some British feelings. But look at the picture from an Australian vantage-point. Northwards lies south-east Asia—'only a canoe trip across the Torres Strait'—largely emergent from colonial rule, disturbingly unstable, vastly overpopulated, menaced by the huge shadow of Communist China. The eastward route home to Britain, once so safe and assured, now passes

through neutral, even potentially hostile, countries. The Suez Canal—and how much Australian and New Zealand blood was shed in its defence—has passed from British domination. But westward the route home to Britain and Europe still is clear: by sea across the Pacific and the Atlantic, by air to British Fiji and the United States. The psychological, as well as the strategic, influence of this assured western flank



Young immigrants from Britain on a farm in New South Wales

is clear. It explains much of the often unreasoning talk about Australia and New Zealand becoming 'Americanised'. But in practice they have only accepted the hard facts of the international situation. If anything, most Australians feel disappointment that Anzus, and the South-East Asia Collective Defence Treaty (Seato), have not more teeth to them.

On the other hand, although New Zealand is a partner in both Seato and Anzus, I found a widespread feeling there that not nearly enough use was being made of the British Commonwealth. New Zealanders, much more than Australians, look longingly over their shoulders to 'the good old days of *Pax Britannica*'. To most Australians, the Commonwealth is still a great conception, a unique potential instrument for world peace, a valuable source of allies, or at the worst of understanding friends. They would not dream of ever leaving it—but it must be fitted into the hard facts of their new conception of nationhood, worked into the pattern of their evolving foreign policy, just as the Colombo Plan has done. In contrast, I found many New Zealanders believing that the Commonwealth could still provide the answers to most of their problems. Yet New Zealand, though she faces her new duties in the world more reluctantly than Australia, is increasingly conscious of her role in the Pacific. Indeed, the South Pacific Commission grew out of the 1944 Anzac pact between Australia and New Zealand.

Antarctica, until recently, represented a rather vague sector of both Australian and New Zealand policy which caused few worries in Canberra or Wellington. But the preparations of the nations concerned in the 1957-58 Geophysical Year—particularly those of Russia and the United States—have provoked the cynical thought that the Antarctic provides a fitting climate for an extension



On a sheep station at Wairarapa, North Island, New Zealand

of the Cold War. 'Even the back door is no longer secure', as a New Zealand editor said to me. There is no need to draw this external picture in any more detail. My own firm impression was that the majority of Australians and New Zealanders are accepting the fact that they are becoming the centre of a world of their own, a world bounded by Asia, America, Africa, and Antarctica, instead of being outposts of Britain and her Commonwealth.

Coincident with the effort to re-plan relationships with the outside world has gone the drive towards greater self-sufficiency. Both countries have been building up their populations, with Australia making the running and prepared to gamble almost to the limit to get new citizens inside her borders. Whatever the economists may say, large-scale immigration will continue to have general—if often grumbling—support. Only a major depression could halt it. I believe that this half-million of so-called New Australians will provide a catalyst at last for the Australians themselves. (Perhaps catalyst is not the precise word, for the New Australians themselves will change even more than the Australians.) These people cannot look to Britain for spiritual sustenance, they have no hunger of the soul for 'The Old Country', nor do they need to swing over to America for an antidote. They bring with them something of the diverse and many-splendoured European culture, which can find a twentieth-century renaissance in the Pacific. Let us face the fact that not everything British survives transplanting intact. Conservatism becomes plain stodginess and tradition becomes a charade if they are carried too far. I remember the Italian chambermaid in a Queensland hotel who said to me 'This is a kind country and a fine people—but they do not know how to live'. Both Australia and New Zealand need that *élan*, that vivacity and many-sided attack on life that is the heritage of Mediterranean peoples. In the arts, in the social graces, in sport, in industry, these New Australians are already beginning to make their presence evident.

A Country Increasingly Urbanised

In bygone years, those earlier groups of migrants from the Continent came to a predominantly agricultural country, and tended to form their own communities—as did the German winegrowers in the Murray Valley, or the Italians in the sugar canefields of north Queensland. But now they arrive in a country that is increasingly urbanised. Even so, it is true that some races still form their own communities. The northern Europeans—the Scandinavians, the Dutch, the Germans—are comparatively easily assimilated. Not so the Mediterranean people: the Italians (who contributed 106,000 of the post-war immigrants up to June of last year), and the Greeks (who contributed 31,000) still endeavour to maintain themselves as national groups. But that is difficult in a city. As for children of the migrants, they are quickly absorbed into their new world, but they add to it from their own heritage in the process.

New Zealand has added nothing like the same variety of 'race elements' to her population. Of her 175,000 post-war immigrants (up to August 31 of last year) the overwhelming majority have been British. Yet public opinion on the necessity of 'keeping ourselves British' is weakening, and I believe New Zealand will, rightly, cast as wide a net as Australia in the years ahead.

The necessary drive towards more diverse economies which has accompanied the migration policy has radically altered the picture in both countries. 'Industrialisation' became almost a sacred word, particularly in Australia. One Australian State prime minister disposed of my query as to the possible danger of over-burdening agriculture with the simple retort: 'I can't populate this State without more and more secondary industries—and I've got to populate this State'.

How far can this process of industrialisation safely advance in Australia? Sheltered by a high tariff wall, which is itself buttressed by periodical import cuts, Australian manufacturers can sit in comfort like the citizens of Troy until the wooden horse of economic reality is wheeled in. That can well happen in the near future. Some of the high-cost secondary industries which have been nurtured in conditions of war-time isolation and post-war shortage will then have their first real test. Not even trumpet calls for self-sufficiency or full employment will save them. That does not mean that I believe an expansion of industrialisation is the wrong policy for Australia. It is an inevitable part of the process of nation-building, but that is no reason why it should not be an efficient operation. I believe Australia's prosperity will always lie largely in the land, and the real trick is to allow industrialisation to proceed without undermining agriculture.

What will be the effect on Britain, which has been supplying some

44 per cent. of Australian imports? The biggest expansion in Australian industry has been in consumer goods and in light engineering. That has meant a change in the British import pattern, a change that will be intensified. The future for Britain lies increasingly in the provision of capital goods and equipment, and I do not think that means the value of our trade will suffer markedly in the foreseeable future. In New Zealand, the trend towards industrialisation is not so marked, though it has been criticised as over-ambitious. Far more people in New Zealand will tell you that the future of the country lies in an intensification of agricultural production. Lastly, as well over 60 per cent. of New Zealand's exports go to Britain, while 57 per cent. of her imports come from there, there is a general recognition that the two countries are essential to each other. This much is clear: neither New Zealand nor Australia can develop as they need to without outside help, particularly from Britain and the United States. American investment has been very significant in the last few years, yet the estimated total of such investment at approximately 400,000,000 dollars is still only about one-tenth of the British investment.

While we are on this matter of British and American interest in Australia and New Zealand, how true is the frequent assertion that Australia is becoming 'Americanised'? There is a tendency to dwell on the similarity of the Australian economy to that of the United States, often without reference to the great disparity in resources. Australians see their problems of population and space as equivalent to those of America in the last century. There is, also, a boldness in character and approach which is common to both peoples. The American cultural influence is there, too, most markedly in films and magazines and vaudeville artists. And overshadowing all this is the realisation of dependence on American friendship, on American strength. It would be strange indeed if these things did not have their impact. But that cannot seriously affect the fact that Australian traditions and institutions are basically British and so well implanted now as to be impervious to significant changes—though not to modification and improvement. British books and plays and music still dominate in both Australia and New Zealand. The flood of touring theatrical companies, lecturers, and authors continues unabated.

Australia and New Zealand are British communities, devoted to the Crown, and their spokesmen must often be weary of reiterating it. Perhaps the whole question of British and American influence is adequately summed up by Australia's Minister of External Affairs, Mr. R. G. Casey: 'Our intimacy with America means no weakening in our ties with Britain—it is in fact one aspect of Anglo-American co-operation'.

Before leaving this subject of the factors bearing on the development of Australia and New Zealand, it is important to remember that of Asia. Not only is it emerging, on a small but significant scale, through the arrival of the thousands of Asian students who have come under the Colombo Plan, but also through a growing appreciation amongst Australians and New Zealanders themselves that their near neighbours are the heirs to ancient and impressive cultures.

Links between the Two Dominions

So much for the influences playing on the two Dominions. What of their influence on each other? More important, what of their links with each other? The present state of the world has drawn them together into Anzus and Seato, into the Colombo Plan, into South Pacific affairs, into taking an initiative together in their own region. Does the economic picture show a similar pattern? Australia sells her products increasingly to her neighbour, and is now that country's second largest supplier, with 13 per cent. of the total imports. But she takes only 3 per cent. of New Zealand's exports herself. That percentage will certainly increase. The New Zealanders have great hopes of Australia as a market for timber, newsprint, pulp, and—if Australia's industrialisation proceeds on the present scale—for food. In short, the economies of the two countries are becoming increasingly complementary.

The human traffic between the two countries also tends to be largely one-way. Just as Australian talent is drawn to Britain in search of greater opportunity, so are the more ambitious New Zealanders drawn to Australia. But air travel and higher incomes have brought many more Australian tourists and business men to New Zealand. The net effect of all this human movement has been to crystallise the sense of interdependence, the feeling that together these two peoples—who could total 40,000,000 before the turn of the century—are engaged in an operation unique in human history, the establishment of European-derived nations in the midst of alien cultures.—*Third Programme*

India's Second Five-Year Plan

By GEOFFREY TYSON

WHEN introducing his budget for the coming year, India's Finance Minister spoke of a future 'golden age' for which the foundations are now being laid in his country. The Indian Government's recently published blue book* on the second five-year plan strikes a similar idealistic note on almost every one of its 200 printed pages. At the same time it is a document of great contemporary importance; for India's first five-year plan has just come to an end and the second five-year plan has begun. These, says the blue book, 'are vital dates in the nation's history'; vital, too, for the free world, for India is democracy's main bastion in Asia, and it is of the greatest importance that this gigantic experiment in economic planning should succeed within the framework of a parliamentary democracy. The blue book refers to planning as having become part of every Indian's thinking. This is no exaggeration, for India is today planned to a degree that must be unique amongst people who live under a free and democratic system of government.

Nation-wide Debate

Indeed, for months past, something like a nation-wide debate has been going on, and almost every educated or literate Indian has his own view about this or that aspect of the second five-year plan. There has been plenty of newspaper publicity and a good many ministerial pronouncements but, so far as I know, no special propaganda boost has been given to this second five-year plan. It just occupies people's minds in the way that a royal marriage or league football might in other countries. This is a most remarkable thing, testimony perhaps to the natural seriousness of the Indian mind.

When I was in India at the end of last year I spent some hours in the offices of the National Planning Commission, and there I found a deep awareness of the spark which the whole concept of planning has kindled in the consciousness of Indians of all classes. The officers and advisers of the Planning Commission are fully alive to this and to the responsibilities of their job. And so, while they are buoyed up and confident of the future, largely because of the success of the first plan, they also realise that the second plan is likely to prove a much sterner test of India's capacity to win through.

The general impression one gets of the Planning Commission is that of a serious-minded and dedicated group of men, whose feet are pretty firmly on the ground, working for not very great material rewards at a task which—one way or the other—will have profound effects upon the history of our times. And these back-room boys (if I may so describe them) have one great advantage over the technocrats of planning in countries such as our own or the United States—they do not have to convince the Cabinet and the rest of the Indian Government of the alleged advantages of each act of planning. Mr. Nehru and all his colleagues are already full-blown adherents of the philosophy of planning.

Perhaps because they were modest in conception, many of the targets set for the first five-year plan were reached and passed several months ago. The second five-year plan deliberately prescribes much harder tasks. Let me give one or two comparisons by way of example, with the necessary caution that the planners use the word investment not in its narrow stock-exchange sense but to indicate the commitment of resources of all kinds. A total investment in the public and private sectors of the economy of £2,625,000,000 was prescribed for the first plan; but for the second five-year plan period the figure has been raised to £4,575,000,000, an increase of no less than 75 per cent. National income is expected to increase from £8,100,000,000 to £10,110,000,000 in 1960-61, a net increase of 25 per cent. These are gargantuan figures, but do not forget we are dealing with the affairs of 365,000,000 people whose average annual *per capita* income is at present no more than Rs. 280, or, say, about £21 each a year. In the second-plan period it is hoped to raise this figure to Rs. 330, or about £24 10s. So, when we get down to assessing Indian planning in terms of average individual incomes throughout the population, we begin to realise that, despite the astronomical totals involved, the plan is not too ambitious for a country

in which millions of the population subsist on incomes well below the meagre annual averages which I have quoted. I emphasise this point about income because it seems to me the real test of India's plan—or, indeed, any other economic plan—is whether it produces a steady upswing in the income of the individual and of the community.

Actually, the increase in national income over the first-plan period has been of the order of 18 per cent.; during the second five-year plan it is hoped to achieve an increase of a further 25 per cent. and, if all goes well, to have doubled India's national income by 1968. To do this obviously involves a tremendous deployment of resources and a whole-hearted acceptance of the self-denying philosophy of 'jam tomorrow, but never jam today'. In fact, to increase India's national income by 25 per cent. in the next five years requires that the present rate of investment, which is about 7 per cent. of current national income, shall be raised to 12 per cent. by 1961. This, as the blue book somewhat ingenuously remarks, 'implies a big effort on the part of the community'.

Here let me emphasise an important point of difference between the first and second five-year plans: both prescribe a rapid increase in the tempo of the economy, but the second plan decrees that an equal and interrelated goal shall be the attainment of 'a socialist pattern of society'. The state, it declares, must 'carry forward the process of institutional change', which in fact means the displacement of at least some of the traditional functions of private enterprise and the assumption by the Indian Government of an increasing measure of ownership and control over the means of production and distribution. I am not now concerned with whether this, in itself, is a good or a bad thing. But the significant difference in emphasis between the two plans poses, to my mind, one of the several big question marks that overhang the second five-year plan. Can the Indian authorities, in fact, reasonably expect the private sector of the economy to play the part they have allotted to it? The traditional institutional framework of the public sector is to be 'the socialist pattern of society', and the public sector will have behind it all the weight and the authority of the Government. Inevitably, it will appropriate to itself the lion's share of available resources. You will recall that of £4,575,000,000 of new investment, no less than £1,725,000,000, or about two-fifths, is expected to come from the private sector, in one form or another, and that only after the latter has paid heavy taxation to augment the resources of the public sector. Not a few competent judges consider that the Planning Commission have been a good deal too optimistic in their estimate of the contribution which can be extracted from the private sector of the economy.

Calculated Risks

But planning on so big a scale clearly involves certain calculated risks, as well as one or two quite deliberate leaps in the dark. Accordingly, the Indian authorities have taken to the assets side of the account several items which, even on the most sympathetic reading, must be regarded as somewhat uncertain quantities. For instance, in totting up available resources, credit has been given for deficit financing to the tune of £900,000,000. Deficit financing involves an expansion of the note issue in response not to the genuine needs of trade and industry but to the requirements of the exchequer. It means, quite simply, resorting to the printing presses and, except under the most carefully controlled conditions, it is strongly inflationary in character. India proposes to raise no less than one quarter of the finance necessary for the public sector part of the plan by deficit financing, and this must be a continuing cause for anxiety throughout the whole five-year period. If there were unhappily to be a failure of food crops owing to a bad monsoon (a thing which is not unknown in south Asia) there would almost certainly follow serious price inflation affecting the poorest section of the population. But the blue book shows that the Indian authorities are not unaware of the risks they must meet.

Again, in the proposed mobilisation of resources a considerable volume of additional taxation has to be raised: £337,500,000 in all.

* *The Second Five-Year Plan: a Draft Outline*. Indian National Planning Commission. 1s. 6d.

This is given as the minimum figure for the purpose, and I am sure that is so. The blue book points out that the reliance on non-tax resources in the plan is so great that any failure in the taxation programme would bring the whole plan into jeopardy. The Central and the States (or provincial) Governments will be required to share this additional tax effort in equal proportions. That seems to me a further serious weakness in the financial structure of this second five-year plan, for I do not see how the States are to raise their half of this extra money. As in many federal systems, the Indian States are notoriously poor revenue-raisers; the constitution excludes them from major fields of taxation, their revenues are inelastic, and their administrations are not equipped for the job of tax gathering on any significant scale. The chances are they will have to resort to various fancy imports yielding a poor return for a high cost of collection.

After making due allowance for all forms of exchange earnings expected to accrue in the plan period, such as receipts from the export trades, foreign private investment, drawing upon remaining sterling balances, etc., India will still require large drafts of foreign aid to meet her needs of imported plant and machinery, transportation equipment, and so on. The availability of foreign aid has been arbitrarily calculated at £600,000,000 in the form of government-to-government loans and credits from international agencies. It is admitted that both future foreign exchange earnings proper and foreign aid are difficult to calculate with any degree of certainty and, in all the circumstances, I would say this is a wise and necessary caveat.

So far, I have dealt with the plan almost wholly in monetary terms because money is something we all understand and, in any case, it is the only way to measure the sum of the effort and endeavour involved. Behind the massive figures I have quoted lie the new steelworks, the rural community projects, machine-tool factories, new national highways, irrigation, electric power, and land reclamation schemes, 850 miles of new railway-line, a vast extension of cottage industries, hospitals, schools, and universities—to mention only some of the long catalogue of development projects to which both the Central and States Governments will put their hand in the next five years. The full list makes an imposing array and covers almost every field of human activity. I have been somewhat critical of certain of the financial assumptions on which this complicated planning edifice has been created, but I should add that there is an element of flexibility in the plan, and it is recognised that from time to time it will almost certainly have to be adjusted to changing circumstances. Not everything will be done at once, and that is perhaps the best guarantee that the financial hazards will be kept in check.

The first plan failed to come up to expectation in respect of providing

fresh avenues of urban employment. Unemployment and under-employment are chronic at every level of the Indian population, and most serious of all amongst the educated middle-classes, politically the most volatile section of the community. The population of India is increasing at the rate of 4,500,000 to 5,000,000 a year; the blue book estimates that annually there are about 2,000,000 new entrants into the labour market. Against 4,500,000 new jobs created during the first plan period it is estimated that perhaps 8,000,000 non-agricultural 'employment opportunities' will be created during the second plan.

The term 'employment opportunities', as the blue book calls them, is a little vague, and I have no doubt that its authors deliberately intended that it should be so; for, obviously, it is not possible to forecast with any degree of accuracy how much additional employment each new development project will bring. Nonetheless, it is in terms of jobs and work, and the income they earn, that the second five-year plan will be judged by the great mass of the Indian people. Unemployment and underdevelopment are not synonymous terms; but in the modern world we rarely have one without the other. In India, where the welfare state is as yet only a remote ideal, unemployment and under-employment are not just the technical by-products of some temporary aberration of the economy. They are permanent features of it, and they epitomise the waste and misery of an intelligent people who yearn for better things.

Oddly enough, middle-class unemployment is at its worst in those parts where education and literacy is at its highest—in West Bengal and Travancore-Cochin, for example. It may well be that India, which is a country of early marriages, will never reduce unemployment to manageable proportions until she has attacked the problem from the other end, namely, family planning. A start has already been made, and the second five-year plan proposes to carry the good work forward by earmarking about £3,000,000 for the establishment of several hundred birth-control clinics. There is a chance therefore that by the time the third and fourth economic plans come into operation the population curve may be showing a downward trend and the employment curve firmly established on its upward course. If national planning of the kind on which India is now irrevocably embarked means anything at all, it must mean that the individual has an opportunity to lead a richer and more purposeful life. The authors of India's second five-year plan have, I think, kept this objective well in view. Some of their calculations are open to criticism on important points of detail, and not all their hopes will be realised. But the broad purpose of the plan is to satisfy desperate human needs. This does not necessarily mean a new 'golden age', but the objectives of this second five-year plan certainly show that both the Indian Government and the Indian people are moving forward inspired by high ideals and a new sense of purpose.—*Third Programme*

The Sense of Prophecy

By C. M. WOODHOUSE

JEREMIAH was a prophet—and so was George Orwell, and so is Old Moore, and the Delphic Oracle; and, we are told, Professor Arnold Toynbee, and Dostoevsky; and many others besides. But there is little enough in common between them all, so far as one can see at first sight, except the label of 'prophet'. And the label, in fact, can only be tagged on to them all because the name of prophet is used to cover at least two different activities. It is easy enough to confuse them because some 'prophets' have indulged in both activities without always seeing the difference between them. For instance, George Orwell practised one sort of prophecy when he wrote *1984* and an entirely different sort when he wrote *Animal Farm*. *1984* is an example of prophecy in the simple and popular sense, like Mr. Butler's when he tells us we shall double our standard of living in twenty-five years if we work, or the counter-prophecies of those who (like *The Times Literary Supplement* recently) tell us we shall not do anything of the kind because we will not work. But this I would call the secondary sense of prophecy, and it is this to which *1984* belongs.

In the secondary we are all prophets—when we work out a family budget, for instance, or even when we put money on a horse. And when the Sunday-newspaper's astrologer tells us that next Wednesday will be a bad day for doing business, he is only giving us a wider extension of

this secondary sense of prophecy. So was the Delphic Oracle—only with more subtlety—when it told Croesus that he would destroy a great empire if he crossed the River Halys. And—in a wider sense, and even more perplexing—so is Dr. Toynbee when he tells us the fate of western civilisation. But these are still all prophecies in the same fundamentally simple sense of forecasting the future. I confess I do not myself find such prophecies very interesting, however they turn out, except perhaps when they themselves influence the future because they are listened to and then acted upon, as in the story of the clairvoyant travelling on a train. He foresaw that the train was about to crash; so he pulled the communication-cord to stop it, and so delayed the train, and so caused the very crash which he had foreseen. A classic instance in real life was the Gallup poll in the American election of 1948, though there the effect was to refute the prophecy instead of confirming it. I have even found myself accused of contributing to cause the result I have prophesied when I lectured on the problem of Cyprus a few weeks ago. But as what I prophesied has not yet come true, and is unlikely to for a long time yet, I had better not repeat what I said; and I can only hope that this time I shall not, later, find myself accused of doing equal damage by keeping silence.

However, these personal metaphysical dilemmas are not what I

really want to discuss here, for the sense of prophecy they are concerned with is not the original or the most important kind. There is an older sense of the word, which I would call primary. The first syllable of the word 'prophet' did not originally signify 'in advance', as we now generally take it, but 'on behalf of'. The priestess of the Delphic Oracle was called a prophet, not because she foretold the future but because she spoke for the god of the oracle and gave men glimpses of the divine insight. In fact, she did often try to foretell the future because that was what her customers pressed her for, and forecasting was also part of the divine insight. But there are relatively few passages in classical Greek in which the word *prophētes* unequivocally means a forecaster of the future. For the prophet's original role was not to reveal the shape of things to come but to be an interpreter, to open men's eyes to a new light on the physical and spiritual world they lived in—the world defined, in the words of a modern philosopher who was himself a prophet in this primary sense, as 'everything that is the case'.

Dostoevsky's Insight

In modern times Dostoevsky is a good illustration of this sense of the word. You can find odd snippets of correct guesses about the future in Dostoevsky's novels, but these are not the real reason why the label of 'prophet' has been tied on to him. The real reason can perhaps best be illustrated by a remark I remember hearing from a friend of mine of an older generation. He told me that he had read Dostoevsky's novels for the first time when he was a young man at the beginning of this century. He was fascinated by them because they described a world which had a completely convincing internal logic of its own, but yet seemed at the same time completely mad and unreal. Then, after many years had passed, he re-read the same novels and came to realise that Dostoevsky's world, mad or not, was certainly not unreal: it was the world my friend was living in—our own world—but he saw it now with a deeper insight than he had possessed as a young man.

He did not mean that our world had changed and grown more like Dostoevsky's and that Dostoevsky had literally foreseen the shape of things to come. He meant that Dostoevsky's was a new way of seeing what had been the case all the time. It is like the development of non-euclidean geometries in the world of mathematics: they have not changed the physical universe which we were accustomed to seeing and measuring through the eyes of Euclid; they are just new and fascinating ways of describing it, and in so far as they are valid they were always valid, as much before they were formulated as since.

In a rather different context, let me illustrate my point about Dostoevsky from my own experience. In September 1942, in the middle of the second world war, I was on leave in Cairo, and I happened to be reading Dostoevsky's novel, *The Idiot*. I had got to the part where he describes the sensations of a man on his way to be executed (sensations which he was describing from first-hand experience of his own), when one morning I was sent for by a senior staff officer of our headquarters in Cairo, who asked me if I would be willing to be parachuted into enemy-occupied Europe the following week. I suppose everyone who had this kind of proposition put to him at that time replied 'Yes', because the only alternative was to reply 'No', which was obviously impossible. And I suppose everyone then had the same experience that the world around him had undergone a sharp, sudden transformation into something unrecognisable, seen in a new, uncanny light. Only, if one happened to be absorbed in Dostoevsky at the time, the surprising thing was that it was not unrecognisable at all: it was simply the same world seen through the eyes of a prophet. During the following week, I went through episode after episode of Dostoevsky's extraordinary novel, which had seemed largely meaningless to me at first sight, and I found myself nodding in agreement at every page and commenting (like his own hero): 'Yes, that's right: that's how it must have been'.

Something of the same kind is perhaps also true of Toynbee's vision in the field of history. Toynbee is not called a prophet—or should not be—because he tries to tell us what is going to happen to western civilisation. Even if everything he forecast were to turn out wrong, he would still be a prophet in the primary sense of the word because he created, or revealed, a new way of looking at historical events—a way which historians now and in the future, however much they may dislike it, can never entirely ignore, just as political economists cannot behave entirely as if Karl Marx had never existed, however wrong they may think him. Here I come to what I believe is the fundamental difference between prophecy that is merely forecasting and prophecy that is vision—between the secondary and primary senses of the word. Forecasts are

right or wrong, and that is the end of it; but vision is neither right nor wrong, it is just vision, and there is no end to it.

It is only, I think, in this sense that a historian has any right to assume the mantle of a prophet at all. As another great historian, H. A. L. Fisher, put it in a famous passage, there is 'only one safe rule for the historian: that he should recognise in the development of human destinies the play of the contingent and the unforeseen'. If that is true—as I think it is—then it is a profitless and risky occupation to set about forecasting the shape of things to come. That is just as true for the prophet whether he is a professor or a poet or a politician; but it does not mean that he must cease to be a prophet. Because he can be a prophet in both senses, or rather in either sense separately—as you can see at once from the ready-made example of George Orwell.

Orwell's two most celebrated books, *Animal Farm* and *1984*, illustrate the distinction exactly. *1984* was intended to be a prophetic warning of what might come about a generation hence if nothing were done to stop it. It is prophecy in what I have called the secondary sense, and its main practical value to us lies in giving us the opportunity to prevent it from coming true—in other words, it gives us a chance to convict Orwell of being a false prophet in this secondary sense. But *Animal Farm* is different: here Orwell is not predicting the future at all, but analysing, in a vivid allegory, the nature of revolution and tyranny, now or at any other time; and its prophetic validity is timeless and permanent precisely because it is not prophecy in the secondary sense.

But unfortunately *1984* was a much greater popular success than *Animal Farm*, because people nowadays are much more interested in the tipster than the prophet: they like, for instance, economists who can tell them what is going to happen to their standard of living, and astrologers who can warn them what to avoid next Wednesday, and such like practitioners of prophecy in what I have called the secondary sense. On the other other hand, it is in the primary sense, and in this sense only, I think, that the prophetic vision is part of the spiritual vitality of a human society. This is the vision without which, as the anonymous prophet of the Old Testament has told us, 'the people perish'. And it is this quality that is to be found in all vital, and especially in all emerging, great societies. You can find it in artists and writers like Dostoevsky, or in statesmen and men of action like George Washington, or in saints like Francis of Assisi; but no great society is truly alive without it. In our own day, for instance, we have lived to see it exemplified in Churchill and Lenin and Gandhi as well as in Schweitzer and Toynbee and T. S. Eliot.

These are examples of very different orders, for to have a true perception is one thing, but both to have it and to realise it in action is another: a sort of double dose of genius, in fact. One Churchill every two or three centuries would be a generous ration for any country, but that does not mean, fortunately for us all, that 'the people perish' when they are ruled by statesmen who happen not to be gifted with that degree of vision. At least, it need not mean that if somewhere in our society that vision does exist, and provided that where it exists it is not divorced from all contact with the practical dynamism that makes the society go.

Men of Vision and Men of Action

This was what produced the essential greatness of England in the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries, and many other societies at many other times. But I cannot entirely suppress an uneasy feeling that in our own society today there is a widening divorce between the men of creative intellect and the men of practical affairs, the men who think and the men who do, the men of vision and the men of action: that we may be getting into the very situation, in fact, against which Jeremiah the prophet railed twenty-five centuries ago. The people who run our society today seem to me to have less and less time, and even less and less inclination, either to relax and reflect and probe beneath the surface of things, or to pay attention to those who could do it for them. The divorce is mutual, as it always is: the thinkers and poets have at the same time withdrawn into an ivory tower of their own, hardly bothering whether or not their communications reach the world arena. But I think they are less to blame, in this country at least, and I see no excuse for talking here of what the French call a betrayal of the intellectuals. For I ask myself what difference it would make to life in England if the intellectuals did betray their responsibilities, and how many people would even notice it. The answer to that question, to my mind, is one of the most disquieting problems that we face today.—*Home Service*

The Listener

What They Are Saying

More foreign broadcasts on Stalin

All communications should be addressed to the Editor of THE LISTENER, Broadcasting House, London, W.1. The articles in THE LISTENER consist mainly of the scripts (in whole or part) of broadcast talks. Original contributions are not invited, with the exception of poems and short stories up to 3,000 words, which should be accompanied by stamped and addressed envelopes. The reproductions of talks do not necessarily correspond verbatim with the broadcast scripts. Yearly subscription rate, U.S. and Canadian edition: \$5.00, including postage. Special rate for two years: \$8.50; for three years: \$11.50. Subscriptions should be sent to B.B.C. Publications, 35 Marylebone High Street, London, W.1, England, or to usual agents. Entered as second-class mailing matter at the Post Office, New York, N.Y. Trade distributors within U.S.A., The Eastern News Company, New York 14, N.Y.

A Novel Idea

MOST novelists, naturally enough, tend to write about themselves. In an extract from his forthcoming novel which appears in the current number of *Encounter*, Mr. Cyril Connolly, for example, describes how a book reviewer goes to dinner with a distinguished author. Mr. Connolly is himself of course both a book reviewer and a distinguished author. And it is by no means unusual for the principal character in a novel (for example in Mr. L. P. Hartley's latest) to be a novelist. Mr. W. John Morgan, in a broadcast talk which we publish on another page, speaks of the 'untapped furnaces' that are available to novelists. But, on the whole, novelists write about what they know—and they know themselves best. The cynical may well say that a novelist's life is not intrinsically interesting—a spell at the desk, a short walk to compose his ideas (the regular drill of Arnold Bennett), and an occasional lecture tour or publisher's cocktail party. Yet, as Shakespeare said, one man in his time plays many parts: schooldays, trouble with father or mother, the decision to throw up that steady but dull job and devote oneself to the art of writing, trouble with husband or wife, or with an unfeeling reviewer—these are all tappable furnaces. And for many novelists of our own generation the war provided opportunities for protean roles. Service in the army was a godsend. It has given us Mr. Evelyn Waugh's superb *Men At Arms*; and recent additions to the genre include Robert Henrique's *Red over Green* and John Verney's *Going to the Wars*. If Gibbon found his service in the Hampshire militia useful as a Roman historian, the modern novelist has been able to embrace with open arms the barrack square or training as a marine commando.

After all, the genius of a Tolstoy or Charles Dickens is not given to many: to fill a panorama with an infinity of characters requires an immense imaginative effort, and at the end of it some character may disappoint. It is not really, however, for the average good novelist so much the intrinsic interest of his *milieu* that ensures his success. One thinks of all the novels about country house life that used to crowd the shelves of the lending libraries before the war: Angela Thirkell's *Barsetshire* chronicles indeed are still with us, the retainers getting older and older and the difficulties of keeping up the traditions more and more irritating. But it is the handling of a theme, whether it be that of Mr. Connolly's book reviewer at his dinner party or Mrs. Thirkell's lady of the manor struggling with her shopping, that affords the reader entertainment: genius can make a fine novel out of the *A.B.C.* or *Whitaker's Almanack*: but, as a rule, such achievements arise out of a novelist's life and are fortuitous: was not Trollope, for example, fictionalising *Crockford's* and Mr. Cronin illuminating the *Medical Directory*? A new subject may offer a welcome change to the jaded novel reader, but it is usually more important to him that a book should convince than that it should open an unbeaten track.

Thus one wonders, with Mr. Morgan, whether it matters if no novelist arises capable of enfolding for us the vivid and dramatic, the comic and passionate incidents in a steelworks. Fiction about the worker in a modern factory may, as he says, prove to be a kind of dirge. It is certainly not a question in these days of upper or lower income-groups: some wage earners nowadays find more in their pay packets than most novelists ever do on their royalty sheets. What counts surely is not so much the story or the background but the supreme skill in craftsmanship, which in any form of art or entertainment distinguishes the first-rate from the commonplace.

ON MARCH 28, the Soviet press and radio—till then silent about Mr. Khrushchev's anti-Stalin speech—entered the anti-Stalin campaign with an article in *Pravda*, broadcast by Moscow radio, accusing Stalin of 'self-glorification', 'distortion of party principles', and 'unjustified repression'. At the same time, it gave him credit for rendering great services to the party in the first years after Lenin's death. Then the role set in. The party's and people's triumphs were 'wrongly attributed to the merits of one man—Stalin. . . . He, lacking personal modesty, did not cut short these glorifications, but supported and encouraged them in every way, sometimes resorting to self-glorification'. Gradually, the cult 'assumed ever more monstrous forms, and did serious harm to the cause'. The cult 'exalted' him, attributed to him 'supernatural features and qualities', made him almost a 'miracle-worker', and 'worshipped' him. However, *Pravda* emphasised that there must be leadership:

The principles of collective leadership . . . do not at all deny the role and responsibility of the individual leader in the matter entrusted to him. The party has always upheld the principle of one-man management in industrial enterprises and of one-man leadership in military matters.

The broadcast article in *Pravda* went on:

The cult of the individual helped to spread . . . administration by mere injunction and instilled disregard for initiative from below. Thus serious mistakes were made in guiding agriculture. . . . It also led to covering up shortcomings. . . . We still have quite a few lickspittles and sycophants who are used to reading speeches written by others, brought up on servility and subserviency.

The 'cult of the individual' had also done much harm in ideological work, writings on philosophy, political economy, history, etc., often being 'a collection of quotations' from Stalin. It had given rise to 'dogmatism and Talmudism', whereby everyone was expected to 'popularise Stalin's thoughts'. Many works of art and literature, too, had been 'chiefly dedicated to the eulogy and glorification of Stalin'. Now, one of the most important tasks of the party was to eradicate the survivals of the cult, and, to this end, develop 'a large-scale explanatory campaign'.

Warsaw radio broadcast a speech by the Polish Prime Minister, Mr. Cyrankiewicz, at an architectural congress, in which he said that the past twenty years had been burdened by painful distortions resulting from Stalin's accredited omnipotence. 'Today', he went on, 'we are entering a new era of revolution, the era of a beautiful renaissance of Marxism and Leninism'. This period should be characterised by 'freedom of creation', and learning from other countries' achievements, including those of Britain, the U.S.A., France, and Italy. Another Polish transmission included among past mistakes the fact that former members of the Polish Home Army, 'who believed at the time they were fighting for a free and democratic Poland', had suffered 'an undeserved and unjust lot' in Communist Poland. On March 28 Warsaw radio broadcast an open letter to the Minister of Justice from two correspondents, who called for publicity for the recent release from prison of 'many men sentenced in the past for high treason, such as Generals Kirchmayer, Spychalski, and Komar'.

In Hungary, Budapest radio announced on March 29 that Rajk, the former Communist Foreign Minister who was executed for high treason six years ago, after a 'confession' in court lasting four hours, had now been declared an innocent man by the party leader Mr. Rakosi. He added that Rajk's comrades still in prison had been pardoned, and, in addition, a number of Social Democrats were to be released.

In east Germany, at the party conference there, Herr Ulbricht, in a five-hour speech, spoke of the readiness to do everything to bring about a *rapprochement* with the Social Democrats. He announced that accusations levelled against former party members were to be re-examined.

Party Secretary Kurt Heger spoke of the detrimental effect of the personality cult on science. In the past it had been suggested that 'every view of every Soviet scientist was an absolute incontrovertible truth'. In actual fact, the views of Lysenko and Pavlov were as little absolute truths as those of Mendel or Virchow. He added:

The view that all is decay and degeneration in western science and culture is just as wrong as the view that there can be no production growth and technical progress under modern capitalism.

Did You Hear That?

WALL PAINTINGS OF KEMPLEY

'KEMPLEY CHURCH', said Canon D. GETHYNN-JONES in 'Midlands Miscellany', 'was built early in the twelfth century when the manor was held by the great de Laci family. It is a small, squat building, built of grey sandstone, and is right in the middle of the beautiful undulating country between the Malvern Hills and the Forest of Dean. As you enter the fourteenth-century porch, you notice the fine Norman arch over the door and the tympanum depicting the Tree of Life. As with other border churches, the tower was added for defence against my Welsh ancestors late in the thirteenth century.

'As you go back into the church, the chancel arch is the first thing you see. It is similar to the one over the south door except for the painted patterns on the arch itself, and on the supporting pillars. You notice too, perhaps, that there is colouring on parts of the walls of the nave..

'On the north wall, you can pick out the Wheel of Life and St. Michael weighing the souls of men. St. Anthony with his pig is supposed to be there, but I have never yet been able to spot the pig. The colouring on the south wall is even more fragmentary, and harder to pick out.

'It is in the chancel, however, that Kempley's real distinction lies. The paintings here form a complete scheme filling the walls and the entire vaulting. All these paintings, both in the nave and chancel, were covered over with whitewash at some period, and remained hidden until 1872. In that year, the church was in need of repair, and in the August one of my predecessors, a Mr. Drummond, met the architect, the eminent J. H. Middleton, to discuss plans. Mr. Drummond's private diary covering that period is most exciting. On August 20 he wrote:

Began to scrape chancel and discovered good fresco work in north window.

August 21. Continued scraping chancel and brought out a good figure.

'You can imagine the thrill as those priceless paintings began to appear. While this task was still unfinished, Keyser, writing in *The Antiquarian*, said of these paintings "They will, it is hoped, prove to be the most perfect and brilliant specimens of colouring which we have remaining from that period". That hope was amply fulfilled'.

THE MERRY DANCERS

Speaking of the pleasures of a holiday in the Shetlands DAVID ANDERSON said in a Home Service talk: 'There is one more entertainment that Shetland has in store for you before the summer is quite over. Any time after the first of September you can begin to look for it, especially if the nights are cloudless and frosty. On some such night, soon after dusk, you will notice what seems to be a smooth, flattish arc of cloud along the northern horizon. Only when you look more carefully you will find that this seeming cloud is pricked through with stars. In fact it is no cloud at all, but merely the normal darkness of a September night contrasted with the Northern Lights above it.

'The Northern Lights have a special name in Shetland. They call them the Merry Dancers. As you look, the pale luminance you first saw seems to be blown southwards and upwards. It soars into a great white Norman arch, then splits into two maybe—twin arches thrown

right across the zenith of the sky in a kind of fugitive architecture; so fugitive that before you have had time to point it out to your companion the whole fantastic structure has dissolved and been rebuilt. The whole northern sky is lit up now with streamers and wheeling search-lights and shimmering veils—some cloudy-white, like ammonia, some vivid electric blue. And in the peculiar stillness of a Shetland night something even more unexpected happens: you can actually hear the Northern Lights—a faint fanning, like huge wings beating high overhead'.

SOME SEVENTEENTH-CENTURY PRICES

In 'The Northcountryman' E. C. R. LORAC considered some old documents listing the household possessions of Lunesdale farmers in 1648, 1661, and 1684.

'One of the things which surprised us', she said, 'was that there was no mention of china or pottery in these lists of chattels. "Plates" were either pewter or wood, drinking vessels the same, or else of horn. We know from family records that the plates were made of pewter in 1745, for when the forces of the '45 rebellion came down Lunesdale on the way to Lancaster, the family sunk their "plate" in the well in the foldyard to preserve them from the marauding Scots. We still have some of these same pewter plates, and the well is still in working order. The side-board on which the plates stood is still in place. The



A drawing of the wall paintings on the south side of the chancel in Kempley Church, Gloucestershire

National Buildings Record

table was known as "the board", and at the side of the room was a lesser board to hold the plates.

'Here are some of the items, with their estimated value, from the 1648 inventory: "bedstocks and boards 10s." (The bedstocks were the bed posts, separate from the "boards" which held the bedding.) "Spinning wheel, knops, tubs, galons, cans, and goigons, together with Kettle and wood vessel £1". The knops and other items were gear pertaining to the spinning wheel; there was no outside spinning gallery in this small farmstead, but there is one in a big house not far away; for spinning was best done outside, where the humid air could get at the yarn. "Forks, poak of Hemp and hemp yarn 15s.". We know the family grew their own hemp, for one of the smaller fields is still called Hempland Close. "Frying pan, gridiron, brandirons, rachen-crooks" (the latter was the crane hanging in the open chimney) "and tongs 8s. 6d. Brass and pewter, £1 3s. 0d." "Meat board" (this was the dining table) "formes, chairs and stools 4s.". "Apparel, £1 6s. 8d.". At first glance this seems a modest sum for all deceased's clothing—until you compare it with the price of the beasts: "2 kine and one heifer, £7". The clothes owned by a farmer in Lunesdale today will not be worth half the value of a good cow at current prices. "4 calves and half a calf" is another intriguing entry—value £1. The horse was valued at £3 10s. 0d., the ploughs, cart, harrows, and other gear at £1. The 1648 inventory shows that hay and fodder commanded a high price. "Oates, 18 windles", are valued at £10—a lot of money in those days. Perhaps in the closing years of the Civil War, the army, still in being, paid high prices for oats for the horses.

'In the 1684 inventory there is a notable variation: "bed-stocks and boards" are replaced by the term "bedstead": this indicates that the bed was now in one piece. Wooden vessels and household goods are listed at 6s., brass and pewter at 17s. "Butter and pots at



A woodcut by the Lappish artist, John Savio: nomads following their herds across the *vidda*

By courtesy of Sámiid Saer'ol. Copyright

12s." intrigued us. Butter was made in the summer when the flush of milk was at its greatest, and it was stored in pots on the stone-floored dairy for use in winter. Winter provend was a problem in those days before root crops eked out the hay. In medieval times many of the beasts were slaughtered by Martinmas because there was not enough fodder to winter them. Even in 1684 the kine had a thin time in winter—hence the value of butter and pots. Bedding was valued at £2 at this date, so presumably they had sheets in addition to blankets, all spun on the premises. I like the final entry: "sacks and window clothing 5s.", so they now had curtains?

WILL THE NOMAD LAPPS DISAPPEAR?

'Because the settled Lapps are turning so quickly to the ways of their Norwegian neighbours', said MARGARET FULBOHM in a Home Service talk, 'people wonder whether the nomads will eventually also disappear. Personally, I do not think so. There will always be sailors venturing out because they love the sea, and as long as there are Lappish mountains and a wide, free, open sky, I think there will be nomads following their herds across the *vidda*, as they head into the wind. But the nomad culture will disappear, for as more elaborate winter quarters are built, families tend to settle while only the young men follow the herds. The divorce of the family from the herd spells the end of all that is specifically Lappish in the north. When the carefree, self-respecting nomad is caught up in the problems of his settled brothers, will he yearn for the freedom, the independence that is gone?

'In that exquisite little Swedish film, "Wind from the West", the nomad schoolboy escaped to his mountains, for a while, in his dreams. In the schools of modern Lapland there are many like him. The drawings of the children there are still bound up with their life in the open air. Even in the woodcuts of the two great Lappish artists, Skum and Savio, the subject is essentially the same: the power, the mystery, the inescapable hard reality of the life upon the fells. In Savio's portraits there is no trace at all of what we have come to regard as the typical, the orthodox Lapp: the childlike, impulsive being, who, living only in the present moment, vacillates constantly between laughter and tears, grief and frivolity. There is something brutally primitive in these pictures which is perhaps an expression of a latent virility, of all that is best among those Lapps today who are striving to maintain their freedom and integrity, and to preserve themselves, as a race and as personalities'.

ODDITIES IN PARISH REGISTERS

T. A. RYDER, speaking in 'Window on the West' about parish registers, quoted from the register book of Horsley in the Cotswolds:

'John Pegler and Ann Thomas were half-married, I proceeded no further because they paid me but one half, two shillings and sixpence'. Apparently what happened was this. The fees should actually be paid to the parson at the same time that the best man hands over the ring—that is fairly early on in the service—but today, for convenience, they are handed over later in the vestry. Whether John Pegler was short of cash—perhaps he had been celebrating too well the night before—or

whether he took another look at his bride and decided she was not worth the correct fee of five shillings, we shall never know. But he paid only half of what he should have done, so the vicar stopped the service. It would be interesting to know if the pair were regarded as legally married, or not.

'We all know of cases where the man or woman has changed his or her mind before a wedding, but to be jilted at the altar usually happens only in fiction. Yet it did take place once. That was at Slynbridge church, in 1760. This is the extract from the register there:

John Mabbot and Mary Davis, both of the parish of Slynbridge, were married in the parish church of Slynbridge by Licence September 20, 1760, by me Thomas Sherwin, Rector. The marriage was solemnised between us (blank) in the presence of (blank)

then follows this note by the rector:

It is not proper to make a rasure in the Register and therefore I think it necessary to own that I made the entry upon their appearance at church but the woman proved inconstant and they departed without marriage.

The rector had done what most parsons do. He had filled in the register except for the signatures of the parties and the witnesses, before the ceremony. That saves time in the vestry later on, when everyone is only too keen to get away to the reception. This method of doing things works almost every time, but not at Mary Davis' wedding. In this case, we do know Mary Davis acted as she did, and why she refused to go through with something into which perhaps she was being forced. For, just over a month later, October 23 to be exact, there is another entry in the same register. It tells us that the said Mary Davis was married to one Daniel Cribb. There was another man in the case.

'People did not go far to choose their partners in the past. Few went far from their own parish. Here are a few figures, from Cam, near Dursley. In the second half of the eighteenth century, out of 232 people who were married, only one in four of the men came from outside the parish, and most of those were from the neighbouring parishes, whilst only one in sixteen of the brides were non-parishioners. The proportions were almost exactly the same for the 220 marriages in the years 1854 to 1884. That was just about the time that the railways were being built in the district. Today, out of the last fifty weddings to take place in Cam church, thirty-two of the bridegrooms have come from outside the parish and seven of the brides. People are moving about much more.

'We often hear people talking about the low moral standards of today, but what is the truth? We can get some indication from the registers here, too. During the eighteenth century, especially, it was the habit of most parsons to state in the entries of baptisms that such and such a child was the base child of so-and-so. An examination of the registers for Cam for the second half of that century shows that six-and-a-half per cent. of the children baptised were illegitimate. The Registrar-General's returns for the years 1946 to 1950—those were the years immediately after the war when things were unsettled—shows that the proportion of illegitimate children was approximately five per cent.

Finally, there is a story that one would think could hardly have happened, yet it did if two adjoining entries in one of the Cam registers are to be believed. These are the two entries, both for May 31, in the year 1774:

Baptised William, base child of Olive Summers. Married John Hadlam and Olive Summers'.

FLOWERS FOR THE HOSTESS

'People often buy flowers in Finland', said BERYL SINCLAIR in 'Woman's Hour', 'as etiquette demands that whenever you are invited out for a meal, you take your hostess some flowers, or even just one flower, as they are dreadfully expensive—one stem of lily-of-the-valley costs 2s. 6d. in January. In winter the shop assistant wraps your flowers up in four or five newspapers to protect them against the frost. This is all very well, but etiquette also demands that you should offer your hostess her flowers innocent of any paper wrapping, and this calls for pretty skilful sleight-of-hand on the part of the guest: you slip inside the first outer door and hastily unwrap all the layers of newspaper. Anyone who has ever wrapped something in newspapers will know that, at the slightest opportunity, they get bigger and bigger and more and more out of control. You then have to stuff this enormous mass of paper out of sight before your hostess answers the door. As a consequence, I invariably arrived everywhere in Finland quite poiseless, bulging in all the wrong places, and looking definitely guilty, but triumphantly clutching my unwrapped bunch of flowers!'

Three South African Patriarchs

By MARJORIE JUTA

PICTURE the drumming of assegais on shields as it reaches a crescendo. Five thousand Matabele warriors, encircling the Boer laager, launch themselves upon their final overwhelming rush. A volley of shot rings out, and the front rank falls like corn to the scythe. Again they come on, charging, shouting, and hurling their spears into the square of waggons which protect the small Voortrekker band. Again and again a volley checks the rush, until a fierce discharge of all the flintlocks brings the lines of savages to a wavering halt. The cries die down, and in a short while the attacking army of naked, black, feather-crested Matabele melt into the countryside. Another fight is over; another outpost held in the march of the Voortrekkers towards the Promised Land.

The Great Trek of 1835 was not a military campaign. It was a folk migration of a people who left the Cape of Good Hope in search of new grazing land for their cattle, wider horizons, and unlimited freedom. It was to lead them into an isolation of half a century in the wilderness, but they went with the words of their leader, Piet Retief, ringing in their ears:

We are now leaving the fruitful land of our birth, in which we have suffered grievous losses and continual vexations, and are about to enter a strange and dangerous territory. But we go with a firm reliance on an all-seeing, just, and merciful God, whom we shall always fear and humbly endeavour to obey.

It is small wonder, then, that this migration of a people in search of a Promised Land, passing through the dangers of the wilderness, can be identified with that of the Children of Israel. They knew the story of that journey well, because almost the only book they read was the Bible.

It is also not surprising that, as time went on, they should have thrown up national figures who might easily have come out of the Old Testament. Retief, and all the leaders of the Great Trek, were in this category, but I cannot talk intimately of them, for I know them only through our history books. But my own life does overlap those of three Boer soldiers who were typical of the patriarchs of old. They are Paul Kruger, Christiaan de Wet, and Koos de la Rey, and I can give a personal impression of these three men, each of whom played a big part in the history of the land they loved. I wrote a biography of President Paul Kruger. General de Wet I met when I was a child, so I know the part he played in the Boer War and in the 1914 rebellion of a section of the Boers at the beginning of the first world war. General de la Rey was a personal friend of my family; I spent much of my early childhood in his house; I played with his children and knelt in prayer round his table.

Paul Kruger, and all he stands for, still dominates the South African scene, half a century after his death. He was one of the founders of a nation—the rock on which Afrikanerdom is built. His long life spans the time from when, as a small boy of nine, he walked alongside the waggons in the Great Trek, to the dying struggle of the Transvaal Republic in the Boer War. General de Wet and General de la Rey were relentless fighters in that tragic conflict.

Kruger, sometimes called 'the wisest peasant who ever lived', deep-voiced, powerful, and endowed with the rare gift of leadership to a great degree—stood head and shoulders above his fellows. We can see his career developing, from the trek in childhood, to his youth as a veld cornet in

the commandos fighting in Kaffir wars, to his establishment as a farmer on his own land; then to the responsibilities of affairs of state; then, finally, as President of the republic he worked and fought to build. Hunter, soldier, farmer, statesman—this is the pattern of a leader of those days. In personal life, we see him as the father of a large family, and, as head of the house, instructing them in strict religious observances.

Kruger was without schooling, except in the rudiments of reading and writing, but he could read the Bible, and he drew from it his wisdom and his strength. It was the source of his inspiration. The rugged hills, the bare plains, the droughts and plagues, the cattle, sheep, and donkeys which form the picture of the Holy Land, were familiar to him. Much of South Africa conjures up the biblical scene; and the councils of the elders, the laws and customs of a pastoral people, were realities in his own life. As President of the Transvaal Republic, he was called upon to give judgements and lay down policies. He based these upon the knowledge he drew from the Bible. On his stoep in Pretoria, where he smoked his pipe and drank black coffee, his loyal burghers came to seek his sage advice. He listened to their troubles and considered well the decisions that he gave. To two brothers, who came to ask how they could divide a farm in equal portions without quarrelling, he said, 'Let the elder brother make the division—and let the younger brother take first choice'. This was, indeed, a judgement of Solomon.

There was also a mystical streak in his character. In times of spiritual crisis in his youth he went out into the mountains behind his home, fasting and praying for days. After the death of his first wife he had spent many days and nights in those jagged hills of strange shapes, which recall the rugged harshness of the land of Israel. He was found, almost dying of hunger and thirst, but with his spirit ready to receive the message. To his friends who found him, he said: 'The Lord has opened my eyes and shown me everything'. His words always bore the stamp of the Scriptures, and when, as a very old man in exile from his land, he wrote his last admonitions to his generals, they might have come from the mouths of the prophets of the Old Testament. He was the Moses of the Afrikaner 'volk'.



President Paul Kruger (1825-1904)



General Christiaan de Wet (1854-1922)

A much simpler character was General Christiaan de Wet. He, too, came of farming stock. He made a precarious living from the harsh earth; but it was as a fighter and not as a farmer that he excelled. He fought as naturally as he lived, and in the campaigns against the natives he showed the fox-like skill which was to single him out as the leader of the Orange Free State Commandos, and give him an almost legendary reputation in the Boer War. Time and time again the British troops thought they had him cornered, but he always slipped away to turn up again as a guerrilla leader. This had a great appeal to the British public, with their sense of sportsmanship, and he became a romantic figure both to the soldiers in South Africa and to the British public. There was something of Rommel in his make-up.

I remember him as a truly patriarchal figure. His hair and beard were white; he was called 'The Father of the Free State', and he was a deeply religious man. I can see his bared head at an outdoor service. Something which was said that day stays in my mind. Whether it was the text of the sermon, or whether someone told me that General de Wet had eaten locusts and wild honey when he was cut off from supplies in the Boer War, I do not know. I was a small child and somewhat confused in my mind, but I immediately identified him with John the Baptist, and to this day that is how I think of him.

He never accepted the defeat of his people as final, and waited for an opportunity to regain the independence he so dearly cherished. The chance came when Britain and her allies were suffering grave reverses in Flanders at the beginning of the first world war and the Germans were almost at the gates of Paris. General de Wet seized the opportunity and joined in the plans then fermenting for a rebellion. When this rebellion did break out in 1914-15, he was again in the field at the head of the Free State commandos. Again he fought a guerrilla campaign—and again he evaded capture. But the forces of modern invention were ranged against him. No infantry or mounted troops could catch the wary old fighter, but a detachment of the first mechanised unit to appear in southern Africa brought about his downfall. He was surrounded in the sandy wilderness he knew and loved, and run to earth by a small group of men driving that strange but efficient vehicle—the T-model Ford.

The story of my last and, to me, best-known character, General Koos de la Rey, follows on naturally from here. He, too, was a famous Boer War general, and leader of the Western Transvaal. They called him 'The Lion of the West', and it was a most fitting name. He was, indeed, a striking figure, noble in feature, with flashing eyes, aquiline nose, and dignified beard. He filled us with awe as children, when we used to walk across the veld to his farm, not many miles from our home in Lichtenburg. We played with his young son and daughters, and when we came in at sunset, after our games, we sat down round the family table and ate the liberal portions of meat and potatoes and pumpkin which were the staple diet on a Boer farm.

When the meal was over, and the paraffin-oil lamp lit, the old General would take out a huge Bible, and lay it before him. I remember it as brass-bound, with the lettering in High Dutch, and as he read, in his deep, sonorous voice, I used to watch his bearded face in the lamplight. To me, he was like one of the prophets of the Old Testament from which he read. When he closed the Book we all knelt round the table while he prayed.

We did not then know that he had fallen under the spell of a so-called 'prophet' or 'seer', who lived in the Lichtenburg district, and who had served in his commando in the Boer War. This prophet, van Rensburg, had a great admiration for de la Rey, to whom he told his visions. He had foretold many events in the past. Long before the 1914 war, he had a vision of a great fight of bulls, six or seven of them engaged in bloody combat, from which a grey bull had emerged victorious. The bulls signified the nations of Europe, he said, and the grey bull was Germany.

Van Rensburg firmly believed that much honour was in store for his beloved General. In one of his visions, he had seen the number 15 on a

dark cloud from which blood issued—and then, de la Rey returning home without his hat. Immediately following came a carriage covered with flowers. The oracle would not say what it meant, but it foretold high honours for the General, who, he maintained, was destined to save the Boer nation from their bondage.

The instigators of the 1914 rebellion needed de la Rey's influence to bring the Western Transvaal into the field. They planned to use the fifteenth, the day also foretold on which the independence of the Transvaal would be restored, to link up with the prophecy about de la Rey's fate. Accordingly, it was planned that he should touch off the revolt on August 15, at a place where the rebel commandos would be assembled. But he was dissuaded from this course by General Botha and General Smuts, who convinced him that it was the way of dishonour. Nevertheless, the conspirators in the rebel plot determined to get hold of de la Rey by hook or by crook—and on September 15, a month later, a black car containing General Beyers and General de la Rey, driven by a chauffeur, was making its way through Johannesburg, en route to another gathering of the commandos near Lichtenburg.

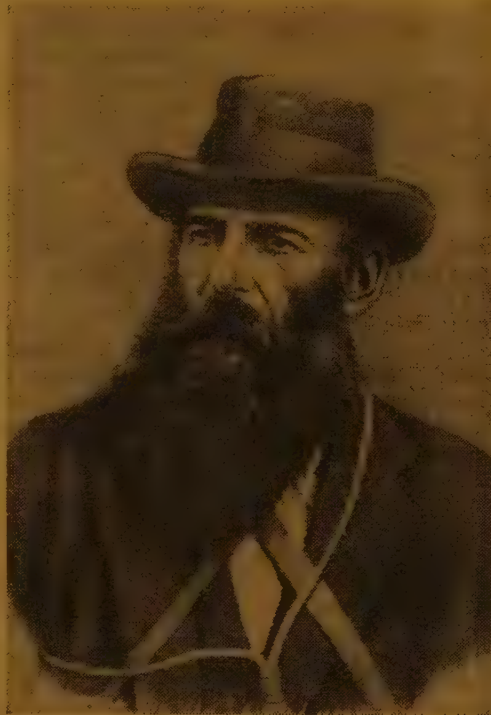
No one will ever know de la Rey's intentions. That night, by a strange coincidence, the order had been given to arrest three members of a criminal gang, wanted for murder, who were escaping in a black car. A policeman challenged the General's car. It went on: the driver was instructed not to stop. The young policeman fired at the back of the retreating car, and after a few moments it came to a halt. General Koos de la Rey was found in the back seat, dead. A ricochet bullet had hit the road, penetrated the car, and lodged in the old war hero's spine.

He was buried in the cemetery near our house. He came home hatless—and a carriage of flowers and a great concourse of people followed him. So, strangely, on September 15, 1914, was the seer's prophecy fulfilled. My father, as resident magistrate of the district, had the car displayed in the town square, for all to see, so that there could be no talk of foul play. The Boers examined it carefully, and realised that it was a ricochet. 'It is the hand of God', they said.

What was it that these three patriarchs had in common? Was it perhaps, their belief in a Promised Land to be reserved exclusively to their own people? And that stray bullet, as it turned out, did not put an end to the march

towards this ideal. Afrikaner nationalism has waned and waxed in my lifetime, and what we now see in South Africa is the revival of this old Voortrekker conception of the Boer nation, set against the doctrines of Botha and Smuts, who believed in the fusion of Afrikaans and English-speaking South Africans into one united people enjoying full membership of the British Commonwealth. A deep gulf separates these two conceptions of our future. That seems to me the crux of the South African situation today.

The figure of Paul Kruger still dominates the scene, and I cannot help thinking of something I saw the night I drove into Pretoria to celebrate the Coronation of our Queen. The town was decorated and brightly lit. But as I passed Kruger's statue, which loomed in shadow, the towering personality of Oom Paul seemed to brood over the capital city—as it had nearly one hundred years ago.—*Home Service*



General de la Rey (1847-1914)

Maurice Collis' latest book, *Last and First in Burma* (Faber, 30s.) chronicles the events which led to the end of British rule in Burma and the beginning of the country's independence. His story starts in 1941 with the Japanese invasion and the difficulties of the civil government at that period. Mr. Collis has been allowed access to the private papers of Sir Reginald Dorman-Smith, Governor of Burma from 1941 to 1946, and in following these papers faithfully the book is in a sense a biography of Dorman-Smith. More space is given to the evacuation than to the exciting episodes of the reconquest, but the last few chapters cover in some detail the period of agitation for independence and the emergence of Aung San. The author is an effective champion of the much-criticised Sir Reginald, and of the conduct of Burmese affairs under his governorship.

The Myth of Soviet Culture

IVAN BILIBIN on changes in language

THERE are, in the *Great Soviet Encyclopaedia*, biographical articles on people bearing the same surname and maybe coming from the same family, one of whom will be described as a 'Russian explorer' and the other as a 'Soviet physicist'. Similarly, in the announcements of the daily programmes broadcast on Moscow radio's home services, it is a common thing to find entries such as these: 10.30: orchestral music by Russian composers; 11.30: songs by Soviet composers.

The Dividing Line

The explanation is simple. The dividing line for things Russian and things Soviet is 1917. A piece of music composed by a Russian in Moscow in 1916, or by that same Russian, in exile in Paris, in 1925, would be described in a Soviet reference book as the work of a Russian composer. But a piece of music by another Russian who did not emigrate abroad, and wrote his piece in Moscow in 1925, would be described as the work of a Soviet composer. If, on the other hand, the composer who settled in Paris, returned to Russia later, let us say after the defeat of Nazi Germany in 1945, Soviet reference books would be revised, and he would appear no longer as a 'Russian composer', but as a 'Soviet composer'.

So far the distinction has been clear and simple, a mere matter of passport; as easy to understand as the fact that Queen Elizabeth I had an English Ambassador in Paris and that Queen Elizabeth II has a British one. But would a model Soviet citizen accept such a definition as final and exhaustive? After all that has been said and written about Soviet man, Soviet realism, Soviet morality, and Soviet culture, it would indeed be an anti-climax to suggest that the term 'Soviet' is nothing more than a convenient generic description of the nations of the former Russian Empire in their new set-up.

Yet, when one tries to find out from its spokesmen what this Soviet culture is really like, one finds that its features are extremely elusive. To begin with, the kind of *a priori* conceptions which an intelligent but uninformed outsider might have about what Soviet culture *ought* to be like are anathema in Soviet eyes. It might be imagined, for instance, that Soviet culture is the culture of the emancipated proletariat which has found new forms of expression, a culture filled with a spirit of iconoclasm, breaking with the past. All these, however, are features of *Proletkult*—'Proletarian Culture', a movement in literature and art which bore that name and was very prominent in the early years of the Soviet regime. This movement was subsequently disavowed, and the term *proletkult* is now used rather snobbishly in a pejorative sense, describing the kind of attitude you might expect from advocates of 'proletarian culture'. Last November the *Moscow Literary Gazette* published an article by two Moscow university lecturers urging a revival of interest in the ancient classics and the study of Greek and Latin. They stated that defence of the humanities has to put up with objections from '*proletkult* nihilists and the historical school of Pokrovsky'.

This quotation leads from one debunked manifestation of Soviet culture to another: from *Proletkult*, which was iconoclasm in literature and art, to Pokrovsky, who was an iconoclast in his interpretation of history. He viewed the past as a great stretch of enemy territory dotted with encircled-allied operations here and there: Spartacus, the rebellion of Stenka Razin, the Chartists. Pokrovsky remained in favour long after the eclipse of *Proletkult*, and was displaced only in the late 'thirties when, under the threat of impending war, the rehabilitation of Russia's past heroes was initiated. His views were then declared to be a distortion of the genuine Soviet attitude to history.

If one searches for the true features of Soviet culture in the main stream of literature and the arts and uses the Soviet critic as a guide, one will not discover much. In literary criticism there is a constantly recurring pattern, going over and over the same theme: (1) the October Revolution has made our country unrecognisable; (2) there is abundant material for portrayal; (3) most attempts to portray it have so far been failures; (4) in order to succeed, seek inspiration from the old Russian

classics. The result will be something new and something good. But it is yet to come. In art criticism the atmosphere is different. Frustration and dissatisfaction here give place to contentment and a sense of achievement: the Soviet artist has succeeded in creating a school of 'Socialist realism'. It is when one turns from the critic to the subject of his criticism that one realises that here, too, one does not discover much. There is almost nothing to distinguish the 'Socialist realist' of today from the realist of the old Russian school of painting of the turn of the century, except that the 'Socialist realist' suffers from the inevitable staleness which is inherent in imitation.

A cross-bearing on this problem of Soviet culture might be provided by a study of the development of the Russian language in the past forty years. One might have thought that the advent of the proletariat to power must have had the effect of proletarianising the language; and assume therefore that the language of the upper classes in Russia before the Revolution must have been 'U' and that, by pre-revolutionary standards, the language of the present rulers of Russia must be 'non-U'. One of the first acts of the Soviet Government was to reform Russian spelling; and as spelling reform in a language is often a symptom of rejuvenation, one would imagine other symptoms of rejuvenation: simplification of grammar, a great influx of new words reflecting new ideas, new loan-words borrowed from the other languages of the Soviet Union as a result of the emancipation of national cultures. If all these *a priori* assumptions turned out to be true, there would be good grounds for claiming, at least from the point of view of language, that a new culture has made its appearance in the world.

Let us first take up the question of spelling reform, as that is an easy one to get out of the way. The spelling reform promulgated by the Soviet Government soon after it came to power had nothing in common with the revolutionary spelling reforms carried out in Turkish or the variants of spelling reform now contemplated in China. The system of spelling now used in Russian was drafted by the Imperial Academy of Sciences in the first decade of this century and was awaiting the Emperor's approval when the revolution broke out. The alterations to the old spelling were slight, they were based on arguments of consistency as much as on motives of simplification, and parallels could be found for them in the past fifty years in most European languages. The Russian spelling reform has certainly had no influence on either the grammar or the vocabulary of the language.

Let us get another easy one out of the way: loan-words from the other languages of the Soviet Union. The answer to that one is: in Russian from the other languages—nil; in the other languages from Russian—plenty. In this connection I might mention, as a positive result of the revolution, that the various nationalities of the Soviet Union have been enabled, by means of radio and publication of translations, to become acquainted with one another's literature, music, and art. Every Russian now knows about the great Georgian poet, Rustaveli, who lived 800 years ago. This was not the case before the revolution. But, however commendable this may be, it still does not add up to a Soviet culture.

New Words from Technical Progress

This leaves two main problems: that of new words and expressions arising from new ideas and from technical progress; and that of 'U' and 'non-U' speech, or the proletarianisation of the language. First casual acquaintance with the views expressed by Soviet writers and critics on the subject of language structure would tend to support an outsider's assumption that the changes brought about by the revolution have been very great. This is what the writer Fedor Gladkov had to say about it in an article entitled 'On the Culture of Speech', published two years ago in a Moscow literary magazine: 'The living speech of the Russian Soviet man has become somewhat different from what it was before the October Revolution. It has its own peculiar style. New social relations, new thoughts, and the vigorous growth of productive forces—all find vivid reflection in it'. Such an introduction whets the appetite. One expects Gladkov—who is a purist

in matters of language—to give some examples of this new post-October diction. But he gives no such examples. When he does cite a new expression which has found its way into accepted parlance, or a new pronunciation at variance with the old, he does it to condemn it, not to commend it, and to condemn it not on its merits but as an unwarrantable departure from accepted usage. Like the literary critics, Gladkov seeks inspiration in the old Russian classics.

It goes without saying that many new words and new expressions have made their way into the Russian language in the course of the past four decades. But the same is true of English. The new introductions need not all be connected with the revolution. Some came with the first advances of industrialisation, towards the end of the last century. A great many date from the time of the first world war.

As for the influence on language of a triumphant proletariat, I might recall a talk broadcast last year on the Moscow home service, urging the rising generation of the Soviet Union to improve its diction. The young listeners were told to avoid peppering their conversation with useless and redundant phrases, such as 'you see' and 'so to speak', and they were warned against a number of mispronunciations which were creeping into common usage. Among the examples cited was the Russian word for 'elections'. Listeners were told that the correct form of this word was *vybory*, stressed on the first syllable, not *vyborá*, stressed on the last. If we were to imagine a similar talk broadcast on the B.B.C. Home Service for schools, it would be as though English school-children were told to say 'opposite' and not 'opposite'—in other words, told to cultivate the Queen's English.

The curious thing about the choice of the Russian word for 'elections' as an example for teaching correct pronunciation is that in post-war years the weeks preceding polling day in the general elections to the Supreme Soviet of the U.S.S.R.—especially the last week—was the time when Soviet citizens had more opportunity than at any other of hearing the Russian language as pronounced by their leading statesmen. It has been the practice in past elections to broadcast on the

Moscow home service recordings of their final addresses in their constituencies. I remember listening to some of these broadcasts at the time of one of the post-war general elections, and what struck me was that almost all the communist leaders came to grief over this word for 'elections'. They all pronounced it in the proletarian fashion: *Vyborá*. Even Molotov, a product of the old, not the new, intelligentsia, and according to some reports even a scion of the old gentry, on this particular point fell in with his proletarian colleagues. At the same time you would never hear a Moscow home service announcer pronounce this word in the proletarian fashion, which indicates that good command of the Tsar's Russian is one of his essential qualifications.

It may be that the leaders, too, are now paying more attention to the quality of their diction. Bulganin's diction was always beyond reproach. Khrushchev, on the other hand, has always been regarded as a son of the soil, straight from the plough. But he is a man of surprises—the latest and biggest being his announcement in his Party Congress speech that a Soviet public school system was going to be introduced. He produced a surprise, too, when he addressed the crowds at Moscow airport on his return from India. His diction was non-proletarian.

The aspect of language, then, does not elucidate any more the true character of Soviet culture, and the conclusion must be that, as an individual and separate entity, Soviet culture is a myth. All it possesses is what the Germans would describe as a *Stimmung*, a frame of mind composed of bragging, frustration, and nostalgia. The bragging is getting spent, the frustration becomes unbearable and resolves itself into nostalgia for that old Russian culture, the destruction of whose 'basis'—to use a marxist phrase—was the crowning glory of the October Revolution. This provides, perhaps, some explanation of the popularity of Russian 'Victorianism' in Soviet Russia. This 'Victorianism'—actually Edwardianism—would be a closer equivalent—represents the stage at which Russian culture was found when the avalanche came down. Like Miss Havisham's wedding breakfast, it has remained untouched ever since.—*Third Programme*

The Destruction of the Stalin Cult

By ERICK DE MAUNY

IT is clear, I think, that what we have been seeing during the last three or four weeks is the overthrow of a god, for Stalin was in fact revered as a god in his later years: supreme military genius; father of art and the sciences; leader and teacher of mankind, these were some of the praises heaped upon him. But even these are mild when compared, for example, with the following rhapsodic outburst which appeared in the pages of *Pravda* as far back as 1936:

Oh great Stalin, oh leader of the people, you who created man, you who populated the earth, you who made the centuries young, you who made the springtime flower!

It is fairly obvious that such a god cannot be overthrown in a day, or even a week, and, in fact, it has taken the present rulers of the Soviet Union nearly three years to nerve themselves for the final onslaught. For when such a great idol crashes a great many other things happen. For example, one of the first repercussions was a report of rioting in Georgia, Stalin's native region; and the party has admitted sending out thousands of agitators, or propaganda experts, to explain the new line to the workers. And then there are all those activities that are not without a certain grimly comic aspect: the quiet removal of the huge portraits; the shrouding of the giant statues, the tremendous labour of once more rewriting all the text books and histories of the past twenty years. Indeed, the decision is bound to have its repercussions in every sphere of Soviet life, in education and economics, in art, philosophy, and science—for all these things Stalin is now said to have perverted and falsified.

Soviet society has had a long training in not answering back when official policy changes. But the change has also had profound repercussions among communist parties outside the Soviet Union. It is here that the old wounds are being reopened, and the stench is not pleasant. For one important sequel has been a reappraisal of the 1948 split between the Cominform and Marshal Tito. And one of the consequences of that break was a wave of treason trials throughout eastern Europe—in fact wherever Stalin thought he could detect the least whiff of 'Titoism'. Already, one of the chief victims—the former Hungarian

Foreign Minister, Rajk—has been posthumously reinstated. For it has now been officially proclaimed, by no less a person than the Hungarian Communist Party leader, Mr. Rakosi, that Rajk was condemned and executed on false evidence. And the prime instigator in laying that false evidence, according to Mr. Rakosi, was none other than Beria, the former Soviet security chief, himself executed by the present Soviet leaders three years ago: Beria who, according to *Pravda*, flourished like the green bay tree under Stalin's dictatorship. And there were other treason trials—Kostov in Bulgaria, Slansky in Czechoslovakia—it is a formidable list. Perhaps we have not heard the last of them yet.

Now that the process of unravelling Stalin's reign of terror has begun, it is difficult to see where it will stop, or even where it can be stopped—since the Soviet leaders will presumably want to call a halt at some point. Meanwhile, there is one interesting and even rather paradoxical fact that emerges from studying the reactions of communist parties in eastern and western Europe, and that is that their leaders have not by any means all shown the same alacrity to accept the Moscow denunciations. The eastern communist leaders have echoed them whole-heartedly enough, but in the west, and particularly in Italy and France, the party leaders have adopted a noticeably more delicate and shrinking attitude. In fact, like the French party leader, M. Thorez, writing recently in *L'Humanité*, they have tended rather defiantly to lay all the stress on Stalin's positive achievements.

And there is the apparent paradox. For one might say the ordinary Soviet citizen, in his tightly policed world, had little option but to acquiesce in what went on under Stalin; whereas the western party members at least had the advantage of distance, and might have been expected to see what was happening. That is just the point: they did see, and they applauded. They even vied with each other in acclaiming Stalin's infinite wisdom and goodness, as one carefully staged trial succeeded another. No wonder they are now thrown into some confusion. No wonder they are finding it rather difficult to put the right conviction into their appeals for popular-front governments.

—*From Our Own Correspondent* (Home Service)

Art

Round the London Galleries

By ALAN CLUTTON-BROCK

THE Contemporary Art Society has again invited a number of artists—fifty-seven accepted the invitation—to produce works for an exhibition at the Tate Gallery, and this time a subject was set them, one or more of the four seasons. The Society undertook to spend £1,000 on buying works in the exhibition, and also to spend a further £1,000 on helping museums to buy them. For a previous exhibition it was only required that the works should contain figures, which even so made several abstract artists grumble, but setting a definite subject has in fact given the artists even greater freedom than before. Mr. Gear has been able to send in a pure abstraction, and a singularly bleak one, Mr. William Scott has sent in one of his paintings of kitchen utensils and called it 'Winter Still Life', and as often as not it would be impossible without consulting the catalogue to decide which season the artist intended to represent. It would be interesting to see what would happen if 'The Calumny of Apelles', or 'When did you last see your father?' was asked for.

Mr. Derrick Greaves has an unusually romantic townscape, rather exciting in colour; Mr. William Townsend's landscape, as sparsely painted as one of Cézanne's water-colour notes, has a delightful quality of paint and more firmness in the design than might at first appear; Mr. Victor Willing's 'Winter Machine' carries well from a distance and is original enough in design; Mr. Derek Hill's 'The Season of Thaw' is an attractive landscape in muted colours. There are also some imposing pieces of sculpture, such as Miss Hepworth's 'Corinthos' in wood and Mr. Robert Clatworthy's jagged figure; Mr. Reg Butler's bronze torso is sensitively modelled but the tubing on which it is mounted seems incongruous.

The Arts Council has an exhibition, at 4 St. James's Square, of the work of Christian Rohlf (1849-1938) who was a German expressionist but much less anguished and more suited to the English taste than others of the school. He was one of those artists who go on developing right into old age, and his late flower pieces, very lightly painted and with an evanescent, shimmering effect, have a strange and genuine poetry. The Arts Council is also housing the Oriental Ceramic Society's exhibition of Japanese porcelain, much of it of a kind little known in this country; far from being over-elaborate and ornate, most of the pieces here have a delicate refinement.

Michel Ciry, a young French painter, has an exhibition at the Marlborough Gallery. There is an intensity, a brooding melancholy, in much of his work, which seems more German or Flemish than French, but his designs have a large simplicity which is not often found in northern art; this is particularly apparent in his lucidly planned paintings of still-life. That he often paints variations of the same subject is important; his paintings give the impression of being deeply

considered just as his rich, dense surface of paint has obviously been most thoughtfully contrived. Mr. Ceri Richards' new paintings at the Redfern Gallery are more deliberately poetical than ever before and seem deeper in content, especially those with titles taken from poems by Dylan Thomas and Vernon Watkins; here he has gone far from his former decorative style but without losing his seductive colouring or his lightness of touch. Mr. Erich Kahn shows some rather expressionist landscapes and portraits at the same gallery, and Mr. Peter Oliver some landscapes and still-life subjects in which he gets a rather pleasing design out of the curious shapes of old-fashioned lamps.



'Tentation de St. Antoine', by Michel Ciry, from the exhibition at the Marlborough Gallery

Mr. L. S. Lowry's recent paintings at the Lefevre Galleries include a number of his familiar and pleasing industrial landscapes; perhaps the most interesting are those, like 'Steps at Maryport', which bring out the absurdity, but also the horror, of the lunatic building of commercial towns. There are also some figure pieces which look, if it were not for a certain shrewdness of observation, like a child's attempts to draw funny figures. Mr. Jacob Bornfriend, in his paintings at Roland, Browse and Delbanco's Gallery, uses a rather expressionist mode of distortion and in general his taste is more central European than English or French. But his colour, though often sombre, is more graceful than his forms, and the flowers against the dress, in 'Woman with Posy', are an example of how prettily he can handle paint. Mr. Bernard Dunstan's tasteful and expert little pictures at the same gallery are as engaging as ever, yet after seeing any considerable number of them one is convinced that he sometimes makes things a little too easy for himself. Mr. Alan Davie's abstractions at Gimpel Fils are curiously baleful and even horrifying; there can be no doubt of his vitality and strength, but his addiction to what is called 'tachisme' sometimes betrays him into what seems, like the white splashes in 'Seascape, Erotic', an arbitrary interruption of the design. Mr. Knapp's abstractions at the Hanover have no marked originality, but a number of his designs are on enamel; the small enamels seem best and it may be doubted whether the medium is suited for large-scale design.

Wildenstein's Gallery is showing a distinguished collection of eighteenth-century French pictures, including an excellent portrait by Chardin, a small head of a boy by David, an unsentimental work by Greuze, a portrait sketch by Perronneau of great vitality, and good examples of Fragonard and Boucher. Sir Alfred Munnings' last one-man show, the catalogue proudly says, 'broke all records for the volume of sales', and when viewing a retrospective exhibition of such a best-selling painter (it is in the Diploma Gallery at Burlington House) one naturally looks for the early works, done before production became mechanical. But these are rather roughly handled impressionist paintings, with a forced accentuation unsuited to the style.

Heine, the *Enfant Terrible* of Music

The second of two talks by ELSIE BUTLER

RARELY indeed have the mystery, the magic, and the music in Heine's lyrics survived musical treatment. As one critic said: 'Music is too emphatic, almost too gross, when sung, to interpret the intangible beauties of Heine's language'.

There is in truth a deep-seated hostility between poetry and music. Too often they clash; too often music drowns poetry, or else poetry shouts music down. Both Goethe and Rilke were aware of this antagonism, and Heine, sensitive and impressionable in an abnormal degree, was attracted and repelled by music to an almost equal extent. All his life he was on the *qui vive* about music and often on the defensive. It affected him profoundly in two diametrically different ways: it induced visions which held him spellbound, and it roused the devil in him. 'We know absolutely nothing about music', he once declared, 'except that it partakes of the nature of revelation'. The superb description Heine gave of one of Paganini's concerts in *Florentine Nights* bears this out. The sounds which Paganini drew from his violin generated in Heine's mind a series of visual images so vivid, so arresting, so fearful, so apocalyptic, and in the end so transcendently beautiful as not to belong to this world. This interpretation was also an essay in mind-reading and, in addition, a poetical recreation of the legend that Paganini had sold his soul to the devil. There are numerous other passages scattered through Heine's works witnessing to this faculty of inspired translation of sound into sight. No one studying such passages will deny that there was a mysterious affinity between this great lyrical poet and an art of which he was technically in the darkest ignorance.

But this is only half the story. Heine was abnormally sensitive to noise. Even the sound of a clock ticking in the same room drove him to distraction; and loud noises of any sort were anathema to him. In addition he had an unconquerable antipathy for the piano, unless played by Chopin or Liszt, when, as he put it, the piano disappeared and music alone remained. But even Liszt was objectionable when he was 'giving battle' and 'the pedals seemed to be bleeding'. Liszt took offence at this and also at some good-natured banter in *Letters about the French Stage*, and enmity was the result. Heine's hostility would not have been so keen if Liszt had not been a pianist, a vigorous performer on that execrated instrument, that mechanical and soulless symbol, said Heine, for the victory of the machine-age. The poet suffered torments from the hosts of piano-players in Paris (veritable plagues of locusts).

Posthumous Conquest

Why, then, did he listen to them? Why did he attend their concerts which either bored him to death or maddened him past bearing? Because he was Heine, and wanted to retaliate in print; because he had an obscure quarrel with music and a personal quarrel with many musicians, who nearly all of them got on his nerves sooner or later, inducing moods of intense irritation. When Heine was irritated he became so witty as to be past praying for, and his accounts of the musical seasons in Paris are high-spirited in the extreme. Curiously enough it was those wicked, shamelessly personal, malign and merry articles which, even more than his lyrical poetry, made such an irresistible appeal to Elisabeth, Empress of Austria. That strange, lovely, and unhappy woman, the most signal posthumous conquest the poet made, collected all the autograph manuscripts of his musical expectorations she could lay hands on, which shows how much she valued the rogue in Heine. Lively, libellous, and scarifyingly funny, they contain lampoons on many of the best-known musicians of the day; for Heine spared few of them, the outstanding exception being Chopin and the outstanding example being Meyerbeer.

The poet and the composer had been intimate friends in the past and had done each other many a good turn; but the relationship deteriorated sadly towards the end; and Heine, who knew all the Maestro's weaknesses, made merciless mockery of them. He also put his best foot foremost to celebrate the production of *The Prophet*, that long-awaited and much-heralded masterpiece, by a set of verses which the *Augsburg Gazette* refused to print, but which found their way into

a Hamburg journal. Excessively gay, and diabolically genial, the poem opened with a brisk gynaeological account of the fearful labour which had finally brought forth *The Prophet*. Heine then gave an ear-splitting imitation of the hurricane of applause which greeted its appearance, and concluded by putting into the mouth of the ecstatic publisher (whose fortune it had made) a glorification of the work in a tumbling cascade of uproarious rhymes, onomatopoeically representing the rushing rivers and the roaring falls with which he likened this great 'Water-work' produced by the sweat of the Maestro's brow. The flood of laughter in this poem washed away Heine's irritation as he stated in the epilogue:

When sickness assails him, the king of the beasts,
So negroes inform us, the great lion feasts
On an ape which he seizes and tears limb from limb;
And this, so they say, is the right cure for him.

I am not a lion, and of beasts I'm not king;
But I thought I would try if a cure I could wring
From this African physis. These verses of mine
Have made me feel better; in fact I feel fine.

His victim naturally felt the very reverse. Meyerbeer could hardly be expected to relish the *Festival Poem*; and Liszt and Wagner must have been infuriated by the *Young Tom-Cats' Association for Poetry-Music*. This was not aimed at Wagner's operas, which Heine hardly knew, but at his theories about the combination of music and poetry in drama. Against this notion the poet in Heine instinctively rebelled; and he launched into a fearsome description of the caterwauling which would result from 'poetry-music', dragging in Liszt by the hair of his head to punish him for his piano-thumping.

The Piano Takes Its Revenge

There is grim poetical justice in the fact that Heine was doomed to go on suffering from the piano almost to the end of his life. Nearly all the visitors to the dark and desolate house in the Rue d'Amsterdam where he was dying commented on the continual tuneless tinkling sounding from across the courtyard where little girls were grinding out Czerny's five-finger exercises. The piano was taking its revenge. A friend who visited the poet in 1854, after an absence of four years, found it terrible that so much time had gone by since he last saw Heine and that nothing had changed in the Rue d'Amsterdam with one exception: the little girls across the courtyard had become big girls now and were practising bravura pieces with so much ill-placed vigour that Heine writhed in anguish.

Heine had no idea of the number of his songs which had been set to music and was completely ignorant of the most famous renderings. This throws a curious light on the musicians; and indeed Heine complained bitterly that he had never received so much as one free copy of the musical compositions he had inspired, never a word of recognition or thanks, and never a penny piece. He may have been exaggerating a little, but in the main this was true. Schumann made an honourable exception to the general rule; for he sent to the poet through a friend a copy of his *Cycle of Songs from Heine*. Two months later Heine complained that the gift had not yet come to hand; and it probably never did. Otherwise the musicians as a body (for the most part fellow-countrymen) seem to have been oddly reluctant to express their gratitude to the poet.

But he gained something from their renderings, nevertheless. For he learnt with great emotion that the songs he had inspired were being sung by everyone throughout the length and breadth of Germany: by old and young, by high and low, by rich and poor; and he was particularly delighted to hear that they were for ever on the lips of the soldiers and workmen. How much he would like to die, he said, listening to those melodies. But what chance was there of that in the Rue d'Amsterdam where he was cut off almost completely from human kind? It had all happened before, he reflected, remembering the story of a poor leper-poet told in an old German chronicle which he retold like this:

'In the year 1480 songs were being whistled and sung throughout Germany, songs which were sweeter and lovelier than any lays which had been known in German lands; and young and old and women in particular were quite infatuated with those songs, so that they were heard everywhere from sunrise to sunset. But those songs, says the Chronicle, were written by a young priest who was stricken by leprosy and lived in a wilderness concealed from the whole world. . . . Sadly he sat in desolate loneliness whilst the whole of Germany exultingly and rapturously whistled his songs. . . . Sometimes in my sorrowful midnight visions I seem to see him before me, my brother in Apollo, the unhappy priest of the Chronicle'.

There was a slight relenting on the part of fate just before the end. On September 29, 1855, about five months before his death, his old friend, the composer Joseph Klein, sent two members of the Cologne choral society to visit Heine. It was the year of the Great Exhibition and the choral society was giving recitations to large audiences, including many renderings of Heine's songs. They were filled with pity to find that he knew hardly any of them. They sang him some of the melodies and returned with other members a week later to sing very softly a whole series of his lyrics, mostly with Mendelssohn's music. Heine listened enraptured. It was the first and the last time that he heard them in his life.—*Third Programme*

Recollections of German Historians

By G. P. GOOCH

MY contacts with German historians began sixty years ago, when I attended lectures in Berlin in the autumn of 1895. Ranke had been dead for ten years and Mommsen had retired; but I was just in time to hear Treitschke, a scholar of equal celebrity though not of equal merit. 'The Bismarck of the chair', though a Saxon by birth, had espoused the Prussian cause in 1866 with a crusader's zeal, and by 1895 he had become an almost legendary figure, seeming to embody the triumphs of the heroic age.

He looked more like a man of action, as indeed he was, than a professor. His enormous head and flashing eyes made him a conspicuous figure in any gathering, and his class-room was crowded with students who had come to see the old gladiator. A materialist in his worship of force, he was an idealist in his devotion to his country for which he would have been proud to lay down his life. Listening to his lectures on political science I felt the dynamism of the last and greatest of the Prussian school, the most politically influential historian who ever lived.

Another veteran whom I was only just in time to hear was Ernst Curtius, the Nestor of German Hellenists, author of the first scholarly German history of Greece, and discoverer of the Hermes of Praxiteles at Olympia. Unlike our English Grote, he was less interested in politics than in culture. His enthusiasm for Greek literature and art was a spiritual asset in the era of the Iron Chancellor, and the refined little figure with its snow-white hair seemed like a messenger from the city of the violet crown. To pass from the lecture room of Treitschke to that of Curtius was like taking the train from Potsdam to Weimar.

Then there was Schmoller, who had built up the greatest school of economic history in the world and whose seminar attracted students from many lands. He was the oracle of the so-called historical school, more interested in institutions and administration than in economic theory. He summoned the state to take the lead in social reform, and in the early days of the Empire he was denounced by Treitschke as a 'Socialist of the chair'.

The great Maitland gave me a letter to Gierke, the most eminent German jurist of his age. 'Gierke's *Althusius*', wrote Lord Acton to me in his oracular manner, 'is the best book on modern political thinking'; but like all his writings it was stiff reading. I have never seen a scholar's head which created such an impression of simplicity and strength. It was the perfect Nordic type of which race fanatics like Rosenberg loved to dream. In certain ways he seemed to belong to an earlier generation. A son of the north German countryside, he disliked big cities and the democratic notions to which they gave rise.

Among the younger generation of Berlin professors Harnack was the most distinguished and the best known. The greatest of German eccle-

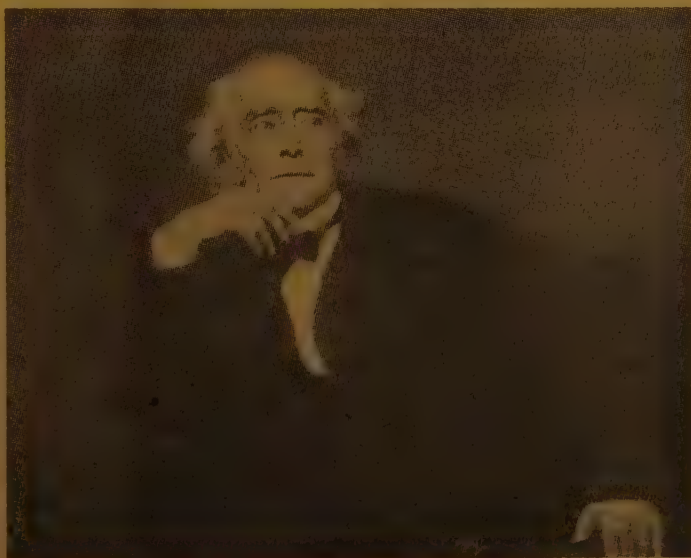
siastical historians was also a man of the world, a friend of the Kaiser, a welcome figure at international conferences. His monumental *History of Dogma*, which I had chosen as a prize at Cambridge, had made his reputation throughout the academic world, and his lectures on *The Essence of Christianity*, an exposition of liberal protestantism, found readers in many lands. A friend, who translated it into English, gave me an introduction, and I visited him in his home in Charlottenburg. The impression I had derived from his lectures to a crowded audience was confirmed by our talk in his library. Here was a man bursting with energy, to whom every moment of the day was precious and who delivered his first lecture at eight in the morning. I did not tell him that the Regius Professor of Modern History at Cambridge had to deliver only one lecture a week in the two winter terms. My youthful experience of the German academic world filled me with respect for the energy, thoroughness, and erudition of the Berlin pundits, who seemed to need less sleep than their opposite numbers in England.



Heinrich von Treitschke (1834-1896), who 'seemed to embody the triumphs of the heroic age'

My next large-scale contact with German scholars occurred at the second International Historical Congress in London in 1913, when one of my old Cambridge teachers, Sir George Prothero, asked me to help him with the secretarial work. The most arresting figures in the German contingent were Wilamowitz and Eduard Meyer, the oracles of the study of classical antiquity. I might describe Wilamowitz as the German Gilbert Murray, for he had illumined every aspect of Greek life and thought. Eduard Meyer, author of the monumental *History of Antiquity*, took not only Greece and Rome in his stride but Egypt, the Middle East, and the origins of the Christian Church.

The most controversial figure in the Congress team was Lamprecht, whose history of Germany in many volumes had aroused heated controversy in the



Ernst Curtius (1814-1896), 'the Nestor of German Hellenists'

academic world. The dominant Ranke school, he complained, had devoted too much attention to the activities of the state, too little to the life and thought of the people. The proper approach to the study of history, he argued, was sociological. His challenge was taken up by Delbrück and other scholars, who denounced him as a false prophet. He sought me out on his arrival, for he had read the pages I had devoted to him in my recently published *History and Historians in the Nineteenth Century*. He bore me no grudge for my criticism. I had found a good deal to praise, particularly his emphasis on economic and psychological factors. The weakest aspect of his work was the subordinate role he attributed to great men.

Modern history was impressively represented by Hermann Oncken and Theodor Schiemann; Oncken, a biographer of Lassalle and an expert on the Bismarckian era, Schiemann the leading German authority on Russia. Several of us gave dinner parties for our foreign visitors, and I particularly recall two such festivities. As the guests were leaving the hospitable house of Mr. and Mrs. Humphry Ward, Lord Haldane remarked to Professor Oncken: 'Germany is my spiritual home'. The Professor repeated the words to me on the following morning, adding that they were spoken with such deliberation that he could not forget them. Little did any of us imagine that this oracular utterance was soon to echo round the world and to result in the exclusion of the organiser of the British Expeditionary Force from the Coalition Cabinet of 1915. Those who, like myself, knew Haldane well understood what he meant, for the study of German philosophy was the strongest intellectual passion of his life. But the cult of Hegel and Goethe in no way involved admiration of German policy or institutions or diminished his resolve to prepare our country for the gathering storm.

How threatening the situation seemed to Schiemann, who commented on the international situation every week in the conservative *Kreuzzeitung*, was revealed in conversation at a dinner party given by Mr. and Mrs. Charles Trevelyan. When we asked him what, in his opinion, could start a war between our two countries he replied prophetically, 'quelque bagatelle'. I recalled those words a year later, when a pistol shot rang out at Sarajevo and set the world aflame. Schiemann, the passionate Russophobe, was only anti-English in so far as he felt that we had tied ourselves to the chariot wheels of Russia and France, the enemies of the Reich. At the close of our harmonious gathering in 1913 an invitation was accepted to hold the next congress in St. Petersburg in 1918. But that fateful year was to witness not merely the collapse of Tsardom and the slaughter of the imperial family but the lamentable break—still unhealed—between the scholars of East and West.

The conflict of 1914 sundered many friendships and produced the usual crop of academic recriminations in which Eduard Meyer and Sombart, the historian of capitalism, distinguished themselves by the virulence of their anglophobia.

But estrangements between England and Germany, however fierce while they are in progress, never last very long; and soon after the termination of the struggle some historians helped to rebuild the bridges. My first post-war contact with old German acquaintances was when I was invited to lecture at a summer school in Vienna in 1923. The highlight of the gathering, so far as I was concerned, was the beginning of my friendship with Meinecke. It was to continue till his death thirty years later. He lectured on Machiavelli, a theme which he described to me as inexhaustible, and which he illuminated in his classical treatise, *The Idea of Reason of State*.

He was a Prussian, born in the year of Bismarck's call to the helm, and he had witnessed the enthronement of Germany as the strongest military state in the world. As a young man he had walked in the procession at Ranke's funeral and had collaborated with Treitschke in editing the *Historische Zeitschrift*, of which he was to be sole editor till he was evicted by the nazis forty years later. In the first world war he moved towards the left, combining with his Berlin colleagues Delbrück, Harnack, and Trötsch to counterwork the annexationist

aims of Tirpitz and the *Deutscher Vaterlandspartei*. The abominations of the Hitler regime and the disasters of the second world war drove him still further away from his early moorings, and transformed him into an outspoken enemy not only of all totalitarian regimes but of the concentration of authority.

Portions of his political testament, entitled *The German Catastrophe*, published in 1946, might have been written by Lord Acton himself. In the enthusiasm aroused by the ardently desired creation of a nation-state, Germans of his generation, he confessed, had failed to detect the dangers latent in the methods and achievements of the Iron Chancellor. The advice of the octogenarian scholar to his defeated countrymen was to transfer their allegiance to Goethe. Though the Nestor of German historians lost his eyesight, his productivity was unabated and the quality of his work unimpaired. During the last two decades of his life his position as the outstanding German historian was unchallenged. It was a pleasure to send him food parcels on the return of peace when his country lay in ruins, and we corresponded to the end. It was a consolation to both of us that no German historian of the front rank had been infected by the crude racialism of the nazis.

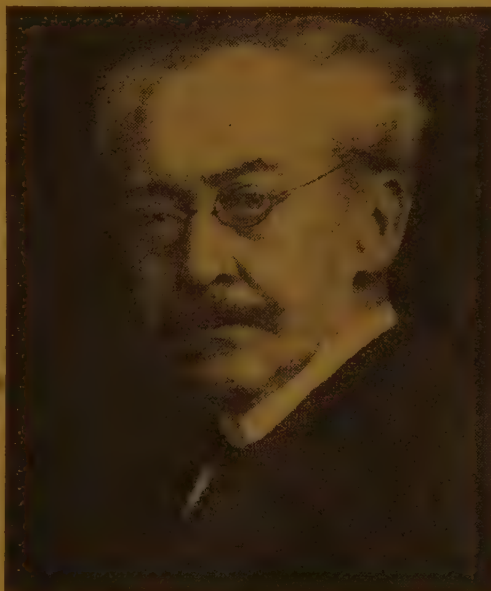
Two lectures I delivered in Berlin in 1929 on Grey's foreign policy enlarged the circle of my acquaintances. I was particularly glad to meet two veterans, Hans Delbrück and Erich Marcks. Though Herder's description of Germany as the land of obedience had a good deal of justification in the political sphere, it never applied to the academic world. Delbrück had fought in the war of 1870, and had been tutor to Prince Waldemar, a younger brother of the Kaiser. He had sat in the Reichstag, and had made the *Preussische Jahrbücher* the leading political journal of the Reich. His voluminous *History of the Art of War* was a classic, and his lectures on world history attracted large audiences. Though a man of the right centre, he had protested against Prussian steam-rolling of the Danish and Polish minorities in the noonday of the Empire. In his mellow old age he felt quite happy under the Weimar regime. Nobody seemed to desire the return of the Hohenzollerns.

While Delbrück spread himself over the whole of classical times and European history, Erich Marcks concentrated on the growth of German power in the nineteenth century. He spoke of a visit to Friedrichsruh in early life

as the greatest moment of his career, paid homage to his hero in a large unfinished biography, and in his final and most enduring work narrated the making of united Germany. His admiration for the Iron Chancellor never waned. After decades of study and reflection, he declared, he was convinced that the creation of a nation-state, the dream of a thousand years, could have been achieved in no gentler way.

My last large-scale contact with German historians was at the International Historical Congress at Zurich in September 1938. It was the month of Munich, and dark clouds were gathering overhead. The German contingent was smaller than that which I had met at Oslo in 1928 and Warsaw in 1933, for Hitler had evicted dozens of non-Aryans from their chairs. The most prominent of the team was Gerhard Ritter, whom Oncken had described to me as the best of his pupils. Ritter had fought in the first world war and his patriotism was beyond challenge; but he detested the nazis and was imprisoned after the bomb attack on Hitler in 1944. When the storm was over he lectured in England and the United States, and paid homage in a substantial work to Goerdeler, destined for the post of Chancellor if Hitler were overthrown. The first volume of his most recent work, a massive survey of what is loosely called Prussian militarism, brings the story to the fall of Bismarck and traces the relations between the army and the civil government from the Great Elector onwards. As he approaches his seventieth year I salute him as the leading authority on modern German history in succession to Meinecke.

Many of the bridges have been rebuilt since that autumn in Zurich of 1938, and we must hope they all will be before long. Historians need each other's help in their unending quest for further knowledge and deeper understanding of the evolution of mankind; and mankind must not lack the enlightenment of their labours.—*Third Programme*



Adolf von Harnack (1851-1930): 'his monumental *History of Dogma* made his reputation throughout the academic world'

Law in Action

International Monopolies and International Law

By R. Y. JENNINGS

WE have heard a good deal recently about restrictive trade practices; but it is sometimes forgotten in this country that in the United States certain kinds of monopoly agreement have incurred the displeasure of the courts for a long time. By the Sherman anti-trust Act of 1890, 'every contract, combination in the form of trust or otherwise, or conspiracy in restraint of trade or commerce among the several states, or with foreign nations' was declared illegal; and this enactment has always been vigorously enforced by the United States Department of Justice. There is, however, a difficulty. The great monopolies are much bigger than the territory of any one state. They operate on a world-wide basis. They involve agreements with foreign firms and they reach out into other jurisdictions by means of subsidiary companies. In this way they may escape out of the reach of the Sherman Act, which is law only within United States territory.

In recent years the United States courts have sought in certain cases to close—or at any rate partially close—these avenues of escape by claiming to be able to make decrees binding foreign companies even in respect of what they do upon foreign soil. Not unnaturally, these cases have led to repercussions in other countries where the activities in question may be perfectly lawful.

U.S.A. v. I.C.I.

I want to discuss two cases, one American and the other English, which nicely illustrate this point. First, the American case, called *United States v. Imperial Chemical Industries*, the hearings of which began in 1950 and ended in 1952.

In about 1944 the United States Department of Justice turned its attention to arrangements between two powerful combines in the chemical industry: E. I. du Pont Nemours, Inc., an American company; and Imperial Chemical Industries, Ltd., an English company, and proceedings were brought against them under the Sherman Act. Making an English company one of the defendants was not without difficulty, but a writ was eventually served on I.C.I. through Imperial Chemical Industries (New York), Ltd., their New York branch, and so the case was heard in the Federal Court for the Southern District of New York before His Honour Judge Sylvester Ryan. The Department of Justice put in evidence certain agreements of 1939 and 1946 between du Pont and I.C.I., by which the two combines sought—not for the first time—to divide world markets instead of competing in them. In general the arrangement was this: markets in the United States and parts of South America were to be reserved to du Pont, the United Kingdom and most of the British Commonwealth to I.C.I., and Canada was to be shared through jointly owned subsidiaries. The agreements also provided for the pooling of technical knowledge; and in particular for the transfer to I.C.I. of rights under certain inventions concerning the manufacture of nylon products. By the agreement of 1939 I.C.I. were to be exclusive licensees under these nylon patents; but by the agreement of 1946 this was altered and I.C.I. were to become owners of the actual patents and not mere licensees: an astute move, as we shall see in a moment.

Judge Sylvester Ryan found that the agreements on the allocation of the markets were offences under the Sherman Act and that the agreements about patent rights 'were a camouflage for a world-wide execution of the original agreements on the division of markets'. By way of relief he made a number of detailed orders, by which the companies were required to terminate the principal agreements within ninety days, to divest themselves of their joint interests, and I.C.I. was required to reassign to du Pont the nylon patent rights even though these were now owned by I.C.I. in England under English law. I.C.I. argued without success that the orders should be limited to the territory of the United States and not extended to acts done in the United Kingdom and elsewhere where the law was different and the acts perfectly lawful. The court replied that it had the power and jurisdiction to 'direct the defendant to do certain things the effect of which was felt or realised beyond our borders . . . because the concerted acts of the defendants have, in part, been committed here, and the result of their

apparent agreement has directly affected our trade and commerce'.

Now we can turn to the English case, *British Nylon Spinners v. I.C.I.*, which arose in this way: Before the American proceedings began, I.C.I. had already disposed of their rights under the nylon inventions to another English company, for in 1940 they had granted exclusive sub-licences for the manufacture of nylon products to the firm of British Nylon Spinners, Ltd. In 1947 (after the new 1946 agreement with du Pont by which I.C.I. were to own the patents) they made another contract with British Nylon Spinners by which the exclusive licences and not merely sub-licences were to be granted to British Nylon. Thus, the position after Judge Ryan's decree that the patents should be returned to du Pont was that British Nylon Spinners, an English company, were threatened with the loss of their exclusive licences and therefore of their whole *raison d'être*, by order of an American court in an action to which they were not a party. So British Nylon now brought this action in the English court (incidentally issuing the writ just six days before Judge Ryan's final judgement), asking for orders to compel I.C.I. to observe their contractual undertaking with them and to forbid them to reassign the patents to du Pont.

Thus I.C.I. were in a dilemma: if they obeyed Judge Ryan they broke their contract with British Nylon; if they carried out that contract they must to that extent disobey Judge Ryan and might incur penalties for contempt. The situation was artificial to this extent, that British Nylon Spinners, Ltd., though in the contemplation of the law an independent corporation, was in fact created in 1940 for the purpose of exploiting these inventions and was a subsidiary of I.C.I. and Messrs. Courtaulds, Ltd., each of the parent companies having half the capital and an equal share in the control (indeed, some of the directors of I.C.I. were directors of British Nylon); but at any rate I.C.I. alone could not force its will upon British Nylon Spinners.

The issue before the English court was a comparatively narrow one. It was *not* concerned with agreements made between du Pont and I.C.I. It *was* concerned with the contract between I.C.I. and British Nylon Spinners. This was an English contract, between two English firms about property in England, and intended to be wholly carried out in England. There was, it was true, a rule of English law that a contract would not be enforced if it required an unlawful act to be done in a foreign country; but this contract did not require any act to be done in the United States. The court therefore had no hesitation in deciding that the contract was enforceable in English law, and made orders accordingly, forbidding I.C.I. to reassign the patents to du Pont and requiring them to make British Nylon exclusive licensees.

A Possible Loophole

But what of Judge Ryan's orders that they should act otherwise? There was a possible loophole because one clause in his decision seemed, though it was not certain, to absolve I.C.I. from penalties for action taken in compliance with an order of another government or court to which they were subject. Still, this was only a loophole, and the substantial question remained—really one of international law—how far the American court, in making orders to an English company about English property, had exceeded the generally recognised limits of jurisdiction. On this question Evershed M.R., in the Court of Appeal, said:

And certainly, so far as the English patents are concerned, it seems to me, with all deference to the judgement of the district judge, to be an assertion of an extra-territorial jurisdiction which we do not recognise for the American courts to make orders which would destroy or qualify those statutory rights belonging to an English national who is not subject to the jurisdiction of the American courts.

So there is here a difference of opinion between the English and American courts about the permitted limits of extra-territorial jurisdiction. This difference we must attempt to resolve, and we had best begin by looking at the arguments the American courts have themselves employed to justify this extension of jurisdiction.

The primary rule is that jurisdiction—at any rate penal jurisdiction—is territorial. A state has jurisdiction over all persons, be they nationals

or foreigners, for what they do within the territory; but with rare exceptions a state does not have jurisdiction over what foreigners do abroad. Thus the locality of the act is usually decisive.

But what is the locality of the act? The locality may reasonably be thought of as covering not only the place where the act is caused but also the place where it takes effect. This interpretation of the territorial principle is familiar in all jurisdictions and well established in international law. Thus, if a man fires a gun in State A killing someone in the neighbouring State B, it is reasonable to allow State B jurisdiction over the offence as well as State A, because the act took effect in State B where the damage was done. This was expressed more fancifully by a court in Georgia in 1893 in just such a case, where the defendant fired a gun across the Savannah river into Georgia:

So, if a man in the State of South Carolina criminally fires a ball into the State of Georgia, the law regards him as accompanying the ball, and as being represented by it up to the point where it strikes. . . . He started across the river with his leaden messenger, and was operating it up to the moment when it ceased to move, and was therefore, in a legal sense, after the ball crossed the State line up to the moment it stopped, in Georgia.

This interpretation is certainly well established in English courts, where it has been aptly applied for instance to cases of fraud by correspondence. So, where a man in Paris by false returns caused incorrect figures to be entered into the accounting books of his employers in London, he was convicted of false account in London. 'I am unable', said Lord Alverstone, C.J., 'to draw any distinction between sending information by post or by telephone and giving the same information by direct personal communication in London'.

It was also accepted as a principle of general jurisprudence by the International Court at The Hague in the great case of *The Lotus* in 1926. In that case there was a collision on the high seas between a French mail steamer, *Lotus*, bound for Constantinople, and a Turkish collier which was cut in two, and eight Turkish nationals aboard perished. When *Lotus* reached Constantinople the Turks tried and convicted the French Officer of the Watch for manslaughter. The Hague court held the Turks justified because, among other reasons, the negligence of the French officer took effect aboard the Turkish vessel which for this purpose could be regarded as Turkish territory.

A Potent Technique

Obviously we have here a potent technique; and it is this interpretation of territoriality which the American courts have employed to extend their anti-trust jurisdiction to such activities of foreign companies as affect the foreign or domestic trade of the United States. It was put clearly in a report last year by a powerful and able national committee appointed by the Attorney of the United States to study the anti-trust laws: although, they said, the Sherman Act must be applied to foreign corporations only with due regard to its effect on another nation's sovereignty and the customary comity between nations, nevertheless it was 'not improper to impose liabilities, even on foreign nationals, for conduct outside the United States, that has intentional consequences within the United States which the United States laws forbid'.

But clearly there must be some limit to this interpretation of the territorial principle; for otherwise it comes near to making nonsense of the principle itself. And indeed there have been some surprising cases, as e.g., the German court which convicted a person of sedition who cried '*Vive la France*' in France but so near the German border as to be heard in Germany.

What, then, are the possible limitations? It has been argued, for example, that this modification of the strict territorial principle is permitted by the international community only in those cases where the offence is a 'common crime'; i.e., one which is regarded as an offence by nations generally. It ought not to be applied against acts which are unlawful merely in the country where they take effect and not unlawful in the country where they are caused, nor in countries generally. This is a persuasive and reasonable argument, and it can be supported by some authority. That is some way, however, from saying that it is certainly a generally accepted part of the law. So this argument, though one which commands respect, is not, I think, conclusive.

Alternatively, it is said that jurisdiction ought not to be exercised over an act which, though an offence in the country seeking to exercise jurisdiction, is no more than the exercise of a liberty guaranteed by the law in the country where the act was performed. Thus, for example, what is in one country a criminal libel may be no more than the exercise of the liberty of freedom of opinion in the state where it was

published. But what liberty guaranteed by English law is infringed by the anti-trust actions? He would be a bold man who would assert today that freedom of contract is a liberty guaranteed by English law. And if all that is meant is that trusts are not illegal in England, then this argument proves to be no more than a repetition of the last in another form.

A more fruitful approach is to look again at what is meant by the locality of an act. Consider the elementary examples—the bullet fired across the border, the letters sent to obtain goods falsely; in these cases there is a *direct* effect in the state claiming jurisdiction; the act in the one country and its effect in the other are inseparable; they are both essential constituents of the criminal act; without the effect there is no completed offence.

Broken Link?

How far are these conditions satisfied in the anti-trust cases? I think it must be conceded that, though the situations are more complex, these conditions may be satisfied in cases where the American courts have claimed jurisdiction over arrangements 'intended to operate within United States territory', and to the extent that they have in fact done so. But the courts have gone further than this, and it seems to me that the necessary direct link between act and effect is broken when the formula is inflated into the one used, e.g., by Judge Ryan in the I.C.I. case when he claimed jurisdiction over all acts and arrangements 'which concern the foreign or domestic commerce of the United States'. Here the effect which is relied on is no longer inseparable from the act or a constituent element of the act. On the contrary, jurisdiction is here based on *indirect* consequences to American *foreign* trade. The effect is too remote from the cause; and indeed there must be little of consequence nowadays which does not in one way or another affect American foreign trade.

It would seem, therefore, that when American courts issue orders to foreign companies in respect of acts done by them abroad, or in respect of property abroad, merely because there is a scheme which, taken as a whole, affects American foreign trade, they are going beyond what have hitherto been understood to be the accepted limits of state jurisdiction.

It would be foolish to attempt more than tentative conclusions after so brief an examination of only one aspect of a large and complicated problem. But obviously there is some limit to the permissible extra-territorial application of domestic laws; in any case there is the practical one that it is not always possible to exercise such a jurisdiction effectively. On the other hand, there is almost no limit to the extent to which a cartel can spread itself across and into different state jurisdictions. It follows that they can always escape to some extent the kind of control which the United States Government would like to see applied generally. The only way of realising such control would be some kind of international arrangement, and that is no doubt why the United States Government has given strong backing to a recent Unesco proposal for a general convention on restrictive business practices. However, such a scheme can hardly succeed unless and until there is general agreement on the policy to be adopted towards cartels. Such agreement seems to be far in the future, even assuming it to be desirable; but the question of policy is one for economists rather than for lawyers.—*Third Programme*

An Irish Poet for his Country

You have played my puppeteer too long
Danced me in love and through the hungry dark
Quickening to every sentimental song.
Hanrahan who rose like a tipsy lark
To sing in your second dawn with his rioting tongue
Who shaped my youth, is fifteen years now stark
In his grave, and still his tune runs on
Clear as deep waters where the swans embark.

I know your mockeries, indignant shadows
Darken your white-washed walls like a hanging man,
I know your strings have a thin untuneable sound
Like the difficult breath that rasps through an old man's nose,
Betrayal of credulous blood that leapt and ran—
And yet I return to dance to the fiddles' round.

MAUREEN DUFFY

The Risen Christ

By THE ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY

IN the fourteenth chapter of St. John's Gospel are these words spoken by Our Lord: 'The Father, abiding in Me, doeth His works'. That is the all-important point, that God was doing His works in all that His Son, Jesus Christ Our Lord, did and endured on Good Friday and Easter Day.

Recognising God in Christ

We can imagine Jesus Christ on the Cross: we can imagine Jesus risen among His disciples: we cannot imagine God. Philip had just said to Our Lord: 'Lord, show us the Father—let us see God and we shall be content'. Of course we cannot see God, with our mortal minds and our short-sighted, squinting eyes. Jesus said in reply: 'He that hath seen Me hath seen the Father, for the Father abiding in Me doeth His works'. 'Believe Me', He went on, 'because you recognise God in Me, or else because you recognise God in what He does through Me'. So we are here, in this ancient church* where our forefathers have worshipped since before there was an Archbishop of Canterbury at all, the most ancient church still in use in this country—we are here in this tiny building to give glory to God for what He has done; for out of His love for us He sent His Son into the world, that through Him we could understand and be at home with God. In this same bit of conversation at the Last Supper, as reported by St. John, Our Lord said to St. Thomas: 'I am the Way, the Truth, and the Life: no one cometh unto the Father but through Me'. We can only know God here on earth by what He Himself reveals of Himself to our finite minds and human spirits. Jesus Christ, the Word of God showing forth God to men from Abraham to the end of time, and above all in His life as a man among men, Jesus brings everybody who will respond to the Father, and is for all the Way, the Truth, and the Life.

The Way first. I think that referred specially to all that Our Lord taught by word and action before the Crucifixion about how to live; He made shinningly clear the kind of people God wants us to be, and how glorious we should be if we were like that, and He shows that God will help us to be like that if we will let Him; and He spoke with authority, the authority of God. And all that He preached He lived Himself—a good man, as the centurion said, a good friend, the Master, saying not only 'this is the way; walk in it', but, even more, 'follow Me' and 'take up your Cross and follow Me'; for He never concealed that His way, though the loveliest of all, was yet a hard, a narrow way.

People often take it for granted that Our Lord's teaching must be out of date, or at any rate inadequate for the problems—social, economic, and intellectual—which confront modern man. Even Christians sometimes wish that Christ had given them more explicit instructions. Wisdom does not lie in a multitude of words. Jesus Christ said and did quite enough to show us the way. Human problems do not change; nor the way of salvation, nor the goal to which God calls us. His word and example are relevant to every modern dilemma and to every side of our modern life; they pierce still like arrows into the heart of every perplexity, great or small, telling us, not how to solve them, but in what spirit to tackle them. He gave us, in His teaching and in Himself, all that we need to know: obey God's will in humility, and serve your neighbour in love. That is religion, both the joy and the cost of it: not by our knowledge, not by our failures or successes, but by our way of life we shall be judged at the last.

But the truth of the matter lies more deeply. Jesus Christ shows the true facts about our journey, about God and about ourselves on the Cross of Calvary. What God—if I may put it like that—is up against, is not only, nor chiefly, what we call bad men, but the ordinary men, and indeed the good men. We all side with God anyhow against the bad men, and against what we know to be bad in ourselves. It is the ordinary men, the good men, who may do the real havoc. Pontius Pilate, by any other standards than those of Jesus Himself—certainly by many modern ideas of good democratic government—was doing his duty well in accepting the demands of the Jewish leaders and their people, even though he himself found no fault in Christ. The chief priests, by the standards of their times, and indeed by standards often prevalent since

then in the Christian Church itself, were doing their duty to God well; they were trustees for God's truth. Anyone who contradicted their views or challenged their power, and dared to do it blasphemously in the name of God Himself, was a public danger to Church and people, and must be suppressed by every means. The people who cried 'Crucify Him' were doing just what ordinary men in the street always do—reacting violently against a man who seemed different and disturbing, who challenged their prejudices and had refused to minister to their self-interest.

And many other people, who had taken Jesus to their hearts and had hoped great things of Him, were as impotent as good people so often are—and must be to avert disaster. They could not save Jesus or all that He stood for of God, without making things worse. Jesus Himself had refused to call on His servants to fight, or on His Father's angels to deliver Him; they had to stand by powerless, and to see and to tolerate what broke their hearts. Here is the devastating truth. The ordinary men, and the good and responsible citizens of Church and state, cannot help spoiling life for themselves and others; spoiling life as God means it to be; even when they do what seems to be their duty they may only make things worse, and in our own good deeds there is so much that is bad which spoils them. And God, by the law of His own nature, because He is truth and love, suffers the consequences of our misdeeds with us and for us; that is the truth. Nothing but the crucifixion of Christ—God accepting it as a work, a passion of His—would ever convince us of this appalling truth about ourselves and about God.

The crucifixion of Our Lord, by revealing the stark truth in terms of torture and death, redeems us, if anything can. It does not stop us spoiling life; we do it in every action, in every relation with other people, in private or public affairs, wherever we fall below the standard Christ set before us in His life and teaching. Political, social, industrial responsibility today rests upon every one of us, and how often we act for what seems to be the best by such means as Pilate, or the chief priests, or the pressure groups of Jerusalem used, by sub-Christian means.

Often, let us confess it, they are the only means available as things are. The truth, said Our Lord, shall set you free, and to know this truth, that by sin and our inability to overcome it we load its inevitable consequences upon God, and that He is glad to bear them, is to be free—not free from sin yet by a long way, but free from self-deception, free from bondage, free from bondage to the father of lies. Christ is the truth that redeems us, though as Peter said 'He suffered that He might bring us to God'.

The Cross is Universal

Then in Christ we can look at the word sin, the evil done by bad men, and by us in our bad moments, the evil done even when we are trying to do good, and be unafraid, for we see it all in the light of the crucifixion of the Son of God. Delivered by Christ from the thralldom of sin we can want and do want passionately not to add to the load that God bears for us by our disloyalties and our denials and the injuries that we do to our brethren, the least of whom belong to God's care as much as we do. For the Cross, being God's, is universal, and embraces all of us, whatever class or nation or colour or creed, in the glorious fellowship of our sinfulness and God's love.

And then comes Easter Day to make the truth live. Christ is the Life—here is another of God's works: He raises Christ from the life of our mortality to a life triumphant, unspoiled, perfect, eternal, the life which was Christ's before the world began, which He won again for Himself against every adversary. The risen Christ is invisible; a few saw Him, and there are brief signs of their encounter with Him: 'Mary'—'Rabboni'. 'Thomas, reach hither thy hand'—'My Lord and My God'. 'Simon, lovest thou Me?'—'Lord, Thou knowest'—'Feed my sheep'. By their words, by the fellowship of faith which flowed from them, we who have not seen believe and are blessed; there is a glow and a glory in our Easter services. But in truth it is a very

(continued on page 359)

* This sermon was preached in St. Martin's Church, Canterbury, on the morning of Easter Day

NEWS DIARY

March 27–April 3

Tuesday, March 27

The Government's *Economic Survey for 1956* is published

Chancellor of the Exchequer sees members of the Economic Committee of the Trades Union Congress

The Governor of Cyprus says that measures to deal with the emergency in the island will cost over £2,250,000

Wednesday, March 28

Prime Minister tells Commons that the Government is to introduce legislation to carry out recommendations of Round Table Conference on Malta

Committee of Inquiry reports on dispute over drilling holes which caused a strike in a Birkenhead shipyard since last November

Thursday, March 29

Hungarian Communist Party leader states that Laszlo Rajk, the former Hungarian Foreign Minister, who was executed for treason, was convicted on false evidence

2,000 British soldiers are to be withdrawn from Kenya owing to the success of the drive against the Mau Mau

Friday, March 30

British Communist Party holds annual congress and decides to have secret meeting to consider recent criticism of Stalin

Younger son of the Pretender to the Spanish throne is accidentally shot dead

Saturday, March 31

Curfews are imposed on the towns of Nicosia and Limassol following more bomb explosions in Cyprus

Last major units of British Army leave Suez Canal Zone

Wage increases for civil servants and post office employees are announced by the Treasury

The editor of a French weekly newspaper is arrested on charge of attempting to demoralise the army

Sunday, April 1

Christians in many lands take part in traditional Easter services

French forces are reported to have killed more than 200 rebels during weekend

Monday, April 2

More bomb attacks on British civilians take place in Limassol

Two drivers are killed at the international motor racing meeting at Goodwood

Mr. Nehru announces that India is to buy arms from Britain

Tuesday, April 3

U.N. Security Council debates Palestine

Mr. Dulles denies existence of emergency in Middle East

Ministry of Supply announces plans for British atom-bomb tests



The Queen leaving Westminster Abbey after distributing Maundy money at the traditional service on March 29. With Her Majesty is Dr. Alan Don, the Dean of Westminster. The Guard of Honour is formed by Yeomen Warders from the Tower of London



Queen Elizabeth the Queen Mother taking the salute at a march-past of the ship's company during a visit to the aircraft-carrier *Ark Royal* (which she launched in 1950) at Portsmouth on March 28. Her Majesty made the journey from London and back by helicopter

Right: the aerial (not yet completed) of the B.B.C.'s new high-power television transmitting station at Crystal Palace, south London, which came into operation on March 28. This station replaces the old one at Alexandra Palace, north London, and makes the London programme available to over 1,000,000 more viewers



Pope Pius XII giving his Easter blessing to the world from the balcony of St. Peter's, Rome, on Easter Sunday. In his message His Holiness appealed again to statesmen to abolish or limit nuclear weapons



A polar bear cub which has been brought from Germany, photographed on her first appearance in the new Pets Corner which was opened at Whipsnade on Good Friday



British soldiers guarding Kykko monastery near Nicosia, Cyprus, while it was searched on March 31. The monastery became the headquarters of the Cyprus Church after the deportation of Archbishop Makarios. A quantity of arms and Eoka pamphlets were reported to have been found



The Great Hall (fourteenth-century) of Berkeley Castle, Gloucestershire. The Castle, which has a Norman keep, was opened to the public for the first time at Easter by the owner, Captain R. G. W. Berkeley



the things they say!



Why did the gateman demand our matches and lighters?

Because some of the chemicals they make here are highly inflammable — and they're not even taking risks with casual visitors like you and me.

I get your point. With all these gases and acids about, it's pretty obvious that there must be a lot of accidents.

Not at all! Take I.C.I. — one of the big companies in the chemical business. They're very keen on Accident Prevention — keep records, in fact, of every mishap that occurs.

Keep them a secret, too, I expect!

Not at all. The figures are published quarterly, and what do you think they show?

Something rather staggering?

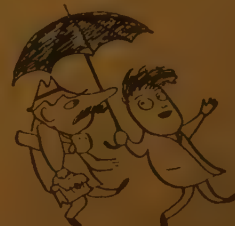
Yes, indeed. The average works out at less than one accident for every 100,000 man-hours worked in I.C.I. factories — and 100,000 hours is one man's entire working life.

Yes, but that figure would surely be for serious accidents only.

Wrong again. To I.C.I., 'accident' means any occurrence that keeps a man off any shift beyond the one in which it happened — a sprained ankle, for instance.

You seem to have it all off pat.

Well, I work for I.C.I. as it happens, and I know that some of our plants have operated for 2,000,000 man-hours without a single accident!



(continued from page 355)

quiet festival; too deep for noisy expression. There was no noise on the first Easter Day: the new life came to one or two women at the tomb, to Peter and John who ran there at their word, to the two friends walking to Emmaus, to the little band of disciples shut in for fear of the Jews, once to over 500 brethren at one time; but I do not think they cheered or sang. It was just a sigh, and the joy and the gladness in each heart—'died for our sins; raised from the dead. We live again—yet not our life but Christ's'. The truth is still bitter, the burden is no longer intolerable, it is transformed by Christ and His life. 'Because I live', said He, 'ye shall live also'. We dare to hope to lessen our own

disloyalties and sins, but also to share a little in carrying His burden and to assist His victory of life over death—of God's kingdom over the kingdom of men and of the Devil.

We may look a pretty ragged and ill-found army—we Christian people. But it is fact, it is God's work in Christ, it is our certain knowledge that in Christ we are more than conquerors. And it is that faith which makes us an army, an army of Christ indeed, and more than conquerors in that glorious and triumphant Christian faith. And I greet you all here in this little church, knowing that life cannot rob us of that certainty and that confidence, for the life we share is not of this world, but the life of Christ, our risen Lord and Redeemer.—*Home Service*

How Can We Maintain our Repertory Theatres?

By IVOR BROWN

THE 'reps' are in trouble. They always are; they always were. At the present time they are suffering for their virtues. They are the best possible examples of anti-inflation. The cost of living has soared so that the pound of 1938 is worth 8s. 6d. today. That means for 'reps' a huge rise in the cost of production. But the prices have been raised very little, only by a shilling or two at the most.

There is another trouble. Most of the playhouses are too small. They were built for a different economy altogether. There used to be a vogue for 'little theatres'. I have always thought that a silly name because it suggested a clique. But when you could run a really good 'rep' on takings of £300 a week, that was all right. But £300 a week today will not do at all. Sir Barry Jackson's charming, but tiny, playhouse in Birmingham, where Cedric Hardwicke, Ralph Richardson, and Laurence Olivier all learned their job, was built before the first war. It was, if filled, an economic proposition. But now it can be filled to the brim all the week and, even so, it must lose money because the brim is too low. If the Birmingham City Council and the Arts Council did not give it substantial aid, that would be the end.

The trouble about a small theatre is that it costs almost as much to run as a larger one; you need very little more box-office staff and other workers in front of or behind the stage if your auditorium holds 800 instead of 500. And with 500 you cannot today make up on a success what you lose on a failure. There are bound to be some productions that do not widely please. The more ambitious the 'rep', the more often that will happen. With a bigger house the productions that are really popular can pile up some money to help out the losing ventures. There is always a chance to get a really big public at Christmas. But with a little theatre your popular plays cannot cash in, they cannot put by, as they say. But Birmingham has a big theatre, the Alexandra, which runs a good 'rep' for some months in the year, and, I believe, pays fairly well. It can 'milk' its successes, while Barry Jackson's much smaller theatre cannot. These are general troubles.

Every single 'rep' has its own problem. The Oxford Playhouse is not very small and it stands a couple of hundred yards from the large New Theatre which takes in West End attractions, star-cast plays on tour before coming to London. That is a powerful competitor in a city of 100,000 people. Towns of that size cannot keep two theatres going. And the Oxford playgoers mostly come from the town, not from the university. Undergraduates have to count their shillings very carefully and they are not, on the whole, theatre-minded.

We must remember that the word 'repertory' covers a number of vastly different undertakings. There are those which rely on reproducing popular successes and manage somehow or other to put on a new one every week: that is cruelly hard work and the level cannot be high. Then there are the really ambitious 'reps' in the big cities, putting on a new play every fortnight or, better still, at three weeks' interval. In that class are the 'reps' at Birmingham, Liverpool, Glasgow, Edinburgh, the Bristol 'Old Vic', and so on. They have big populations round them and can obtain sufficient audiences for a two- or three-weeks' run. But most of them need and receive civic aid, and, as I see it, there will have to be more and more aid if the cost of production goes up and the cost of seats does not.

There is another bogey: increased television. We cannot say yet how that will work out in the long run. It must hit the less ambitious 'reps' more than the ambitious ones. Naturally, the small theatre public that wants a new play or an unusual play or revival of a classic

is less likely to stay at home because of a television programme than is the public which wants only routine favourites or something with a sexy title.

I think the better 'reps' will go on wanting national assistance. They really do have a hard deal. They are turning out the young players whom the films and television are going to draw on and turn into stars. Remember those knights from Birmingham. The television public gets a great deal for very little, less than a shilling a week. It pays no entertainment tax and it has Sunday-night shows. My plan is to put entertainment tax on television licences and turn over the proceeds to helping the arts, especially the theatre, especially the 'reps'. That is not really a subsidy: it would be a payment for services rendered. They find plays: they find players. Let us find them something to keep them not only from struggling and begging, but solvent and secure.—*'At Home and Abroad' (Home Service)*

See in the Trees the Bright Birds Sing!

See in the trees the bright birds sing!—
And there below, the lover stand,
All summer in his arching look
Although his feet are set in spring!
He holds his lover by one hand,
And in the other holds his book.

No girl can cast her shadow down
To turn the flowering land to night;
It is the book that inks the rays
Whereby the mouths and petals drown.
See, in the trees the birds sing bright!
We think of it as prayer and praise.

See, in the bright trees sing the birds!—
Book-learning was the great offence
That set the head and hand apart:
Too much cleverness with words
And knowledge of their double sense
Corrupts the innocence of the heart.

Now I have three tongues in my mouth:
The evil tongue that only spoke
To analyse the way it moved;
The indifferent tongue that spoke the truth
(Approximately) in the dark
And yearned towards the known and proved;

And that good tongue too often still
That made the song and prayed the prayer,
That stood upright to praise her charms
And penetrate the loosened will
With its own muscular desire.
But better dumb within her arms.

HILARY CORKE

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Furnaces Untapped

By W. JOHN MORGAN

THINKING about the 'working classes' is usually political thinking. This has had a harmful effect on English fiction. Instead of 'working classes' meaning simply people doing particular kinds of jobs and having particular interests and attitudes, it has meant instead a vast, undifferentiated proletariat. For the non-Marxist, writing about this kind of people consequently becomes very difficult. The Marxist, of course, is all right because he need not bother much about individual character: people represent something external to and, in his eyes, more important than, themselves. In the nineteen-thirties in England one of the incidental effects of this Marxist thinking was that working-class writing had a vigorous trot in the literary field, was entered for some high-stake chases, taken up by celebrated stables which have now, for a variety of reasons, been dismantled or converted to other uses. I do not think it is unfair to say that little of that writing has survived, and that little has been written since the war by or about the working classes which approaches in quality fiction written about characters from other walks of life, people who, if you like, do not work with their muscles. Some has—one notable example is Mr. Gwyn Thomas' novel *The Alone to the Alone*—but nothing like as much as might have or should have been written.

The Road to Wigan Pier

Why should these furnaces remain untapped? Partly because in the past writers have been mainly middle-class, public-school men—a group whose attitudes to the working classes are exhaustively detailed in George Orwell's *The Road to Wigan Pier*. Orwell condemned those members of the middle class who were hostile towards the workers and he also condemned those who without knowing anything about working-class life identified themselves with the workers' cause. He himself knew something and considered he had no illusions. In a celebrated passage in *The Road to Wigan Pier* he wrote:

In a working class home . . . you breathe a warm, decent, deeply human atmosphere which it is not easy to find elsewhere. I should say that a manual worker if he is in steady work and drawing good wages . . . has a better chance of being happy than an educated man. His home life seems to fall more naturally into a sane and comely shape. I have often been struck by the peculiar easy completeness, the perfect symmetry as it were, of a working class interior at its best. Especially on winter evenings after tea, when the fire glows in the open range and dances mirrored in the steel fender, when Father in shirt sleeves, sits in the rocking chair at one side of the fire reading the racing finals and Mother sits on the other with her sewing and the children are happy with a pennorth of mint humbugs and the dog lolls roasting himself on the rag mat—it is a good place to be in provided that you can be not only in it but sufficiently of it to be taken for granted.

Orwell has made his point here perhaps better than he knew. He could never have written that had he been of the place, when it would not have looked like that at all. It is a copywriter's description, it is a dream of home. I can remember myself at the age of about sixteen walking through suburbia also on winter evenings after tea, and looking in at the brightly lit windows of the bourgeois. There, seated on their hideous, cosy, three-piece suite in front of the high flames, would be father with his newspaper, mother with her novel, daughter lounging on the settee and, in the far corner of the room—water-colours on the wall—would be the tidily dressed son putting records on the radio-gram. That seemed a good place to be in, a house with a telephone, no doubt, and a bathroom. A good place to be in only until you got in.

But Orwell gains his point. Another he gains, by omission, is that excessive love can be just as debilitating for the writer as excessive hatred. Remembering that Orwell was conducting a campaign against the left-wing intelligentsia of the 'thirties, the 'gutless Kipling' and others, it is perhaps unfair to read too much into his description of husband and wife and children and dog. But I think that the cross he carried when visiting the working classes sometimes interfered with his vision, and that he exemplifies the difficulty the middle-class man can meet when trying to establish a satisfactory relationship with men who work with their muscles.

This failure to be of a class may not seem to have much literary importance. A writer may instinctively be of every environment or class, at least quite enough to present character and situation convincingly. English writers do seem, though, to be peculiarly afflicted by limiting awareness of class, so that, from time to time, their fiction has most of the characteristics of an inbred society in which, for some tastes, eccentricity is not a completely satisfying compensation for an obsession with trivia. A self-conscious avowal that class differences do not exist does not help very much. It seems to be easier, in fact, for a writer with a middle-class upbringing to be of an Italian or a French environment than to understand and represent a steelworker. There is also a greater incentive. Most English fiction seems to be produced under that old dispensation whereby the higher the income group or the intelligence quotient of the characters represented, the better the book; the more foreign the environment, the higher number of capital cities delineated, the greater the 'culture' content. This is as dreary a dispensation as its contrary which insists that the industrial provinces are necessarily fascinating, that fiction about the 'workers' is bound to be good because it is about the 'workers'.

This might seem to be labouring the obvious, if it was not that confusions still exist. In the *London Magazine* lately there has been a small correspondence about 'working-class' literature, sparked-off by an editorial. The editor advances, among other arguments, as one of the causes of the decline that the intelligent working-class child now has a greater chance of a formal education, advances more easily and rapidly up the social ladder. This is obviously important. He goes on to say that 'indignation and idealism do not operate within the terms of the working-class struggle'. This seems to me to be thinking in terms of the 'thirties. Is it only the indignation and idealism of a political mass-movement which stimulate literature? What about indignation and idealism in personal relationships? The notion of working-class writing as a kind of protest persists, the notion that the working classes have their existence—their serious existence—only within the framework of some political or social movement comprehensible to the middle-class critic. Mr. Lehmann also writes that 'the conception of "working-class" literature is itself out of date in the age and country of the Welfare State'.

Absence of Indignation and Idealism

I think such a conception was always wrong: the Welfare State has nothing to do with it. A working-class character does not become less interesting or less important, nor more interesting and important, because he has greater economic security. It may diminish a journalist's or a politician's interest in him: it should not the novelist's. But, you may argue, if we are moving towards a classless society, why the fuss? If I may put it this way: I think that the arrival of the Welfare State, the absence of indignation and idealism from the class struggle, the absence of the class struggle itself has aided the prospect of good writing about the working classes. If indignation and idealism do not operate in the one class, they will not operate, in opposition, in another class. We may see the end of propaganda. Members of the working classes may be seen as individuals.

Assumptions about the disappearance of people who work with their muscles are premature. They have simply disappeared from fiction. Manual labour goes on, in mines, steelworks, on building sites, in a multitude of places. The men have much the same interests, behave in much the same way as ever. The absence of poverty does not diminish these men or their families. But if these people are not going to figure in that kind of massive work which, as *The Nation* put it recently, 'was written in Greenwich Village and read in Greenwich Village', how are they going to be written about? I do not think a very satisfactory method is the current one of dragging in stock working-class types by the hair to demonstrate an author's acquaintance with the whole of society. Dropping aspirates and inserting the occasional simile drawn from soccer or darts or greyhound racing are even more wearisome gambits in fiction than on the stage.

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But before going on to look at the kind of thing that might be done, perhaps it will be just as well to look at the kind of people who will do the writing. Mr. Lehmann's observation that the ambitious and talented working-class boy moves through his education up the social ladder matters here. He will obviously know the working class as individuals and recognise the important features of character and behaviour, understand instinctively their attitudes, be able to place them in their context, have a respect for their ambitions and follies—up to a point. Because it is possible he will lose touch with them completely, possible that, like D. H. Lawrence, he will come to detest them and their way of living, thinking and feeling. He may well assume the attitudes of the people his education has set him down among.

More than likely this will happen: that the children he played with when young who did not go to the grammar school or who did not go on to the university will have now only an uneasy and unrevealing relationship with him. He will not want to go to the football match with them, or ferreting, or dancing, or to the club; will not share the girls' 'pop' obsessions at dances. The passions that excite them will not excite him. He may find their hatreds irrational, their grumbles no longer just or reasonable. He may be bored. For all that, he thinks he has something to say about these people and he wants to say it well, 'well' meaning according to the standards provided by his education. Obviously, if he writes by these standards he will not be widely read by the people about whom he is writing.

This in itself may trouble him. Again, he may have twinges of a class-loyalty he thought defunct. He may have doubts about writing in a fashion which does not show everything in the garden lovely. Brought up in a society which, however much people might differ among themselves, no matter how acute their sense of good and evil in neighbours might be, always presents a united front to the enemy, he may feel uneasy. The printed word is not for him, as it is for his neighbours, exclusively a medium of glorification. He knows that outsiders may not resume to criticise and that, should he criticise, he will become an outsider. This is a problem common to writers. What is distinctive is the disloyalty. Normally a writer works within a tradition which justifies him.

A very small example of this kind of thing in action happened when I wrote a story about the industrial society in which I lived, and a neighbour working in the same factory as myself criticised it. He said that I should be ashamed of myself, that we did not behave like that and that if we did, then it was not right to show people that we did. We argued about this, and he agreed that he did know people who behaved in the rather vulgar, wild, even nasty way certain of the characters behaved in the story. But, he said, you are giving the idea that we all behave like that. He then went on to argue that I was not really qualified to write because I had been educated: I was no longer

typical. I did not see people as they saw themselves. He thought Tilsley and Armstrong, for example, were much better.

It was no good my pointing out, with proper modesty, that it seemed to me that I was, in fact, writing in praise of these characters in the story, in praise of their tremendous vitality and wit, of their passionate hatreds and affections, of their uninhibited gaiety. For him the class difference counted; abstract literary standards were middle class and had no place in writing about people like himself, since it seemed to mean holding up the mirror to his nature for the delectation of the enemy. There is nothing much that can be done about this, except trust that a greater security will breed a lesser sensitiveness. As for the writer, he can only try to ignore these social and political considerations. It will not be easy because his audience has been conditioned. He, like many of them, if in a different manner, may have moved so far from his origins that he may feel the way a man bred in a town feels about peasants. Even if he does not, there are hazards in writing about people who work in factories or in mines which do not apply to writing about the countryside. There is a more instinctive respect for the significance of the immemorial practices of agriculture, a more ready recognition of the virtues of rural craft than for the practices and craft of making steel, shall we say.

Not that I am advocating the kind of fiction which treats a man in relation to his machine, whether the machine is a furnace, a steam hammer, or scaffolding. Mr. Edmund Wilson has said the last word on this in his essay on Kipling. That kind of fiction misses the point rather in the way the Marxist misses the point: man is reduced to the dignity of a robot. Of course, if a man's dignity is taken from him by a machine, or he feels it is, then it is important that should be said, but not in the form of a hymn of praise to the machine. You may argue that any fiction about the worker in the modern factory will inevitably be this kind of dirge. It may well be, though I would not say so myself. Neither would I hold with the argument, fashionable just now, that people are growing to behave more and more alike, think alike, even, no doubt, to look more alike.

Granted the difficulties, granted the predicament of the writer, granted the preconceptions of the reader, what is there to write about? Consider a factory, a steelworks. From the little I know there is a life in and around the works as vivid and dramatic, as comic and passionate as most. Even for the secondary considerations of fiction, like background, the behaviour of people, dialogue, there are inadequately exploited riches. Death and ambitions and dreams do not seem to be any the less substantial than elsewhere. Nobility can be just as much nobility; viciousness none the less so. But although it may be obvious that not only fiction but the cinema and the theatre could use a ladle of hot steel, these furnaces still remain largely untapped. I doubt if they will stay that way for very much longer.—*Third Programme*

Letters to the Editor

The Editor welcomes letters on broadcasting subjects or topics arising out of articles or talks printed in

THE LISTENER but reserves the right to shorten letters for reasons of space

Israel and the Arab States

Sir,—There are many points in Miss Sibyl Eyre Crowe's talk (THE LISTENER, March 22) which can be challenged, but I will confine myself to one aspect. Nobody who reads this talk but must come to the conclusion that the State of Israel, or rather the Jews of Palestine, were always in possession of 'all the richest agricultural land which Palestine contained, all the citrus groves, half of which were owned by the Arabs before 1948'.

These remarks give a completely wrong impression of the development of Palestine and the Jewish State. Until 1917 (the year of the Balfour Declaration) Palestine was, with few exceptions largely owing to the colonies founded by Edmond de Rothschild and other pioneers and societies, a waste and desolate land. With 1917 Jewish immigration was launched largely through the Zionist Organisation and the Jewish Agency, and Jewish immigrants came to Palestine with the determination, however back-

breaking, however difficult was the work, to restore it to a land flowing with milk and honey. This was done thanks entirely to Jewish effort, and nobody prospered more from Jewish enterprise than its Arab inhabitants.

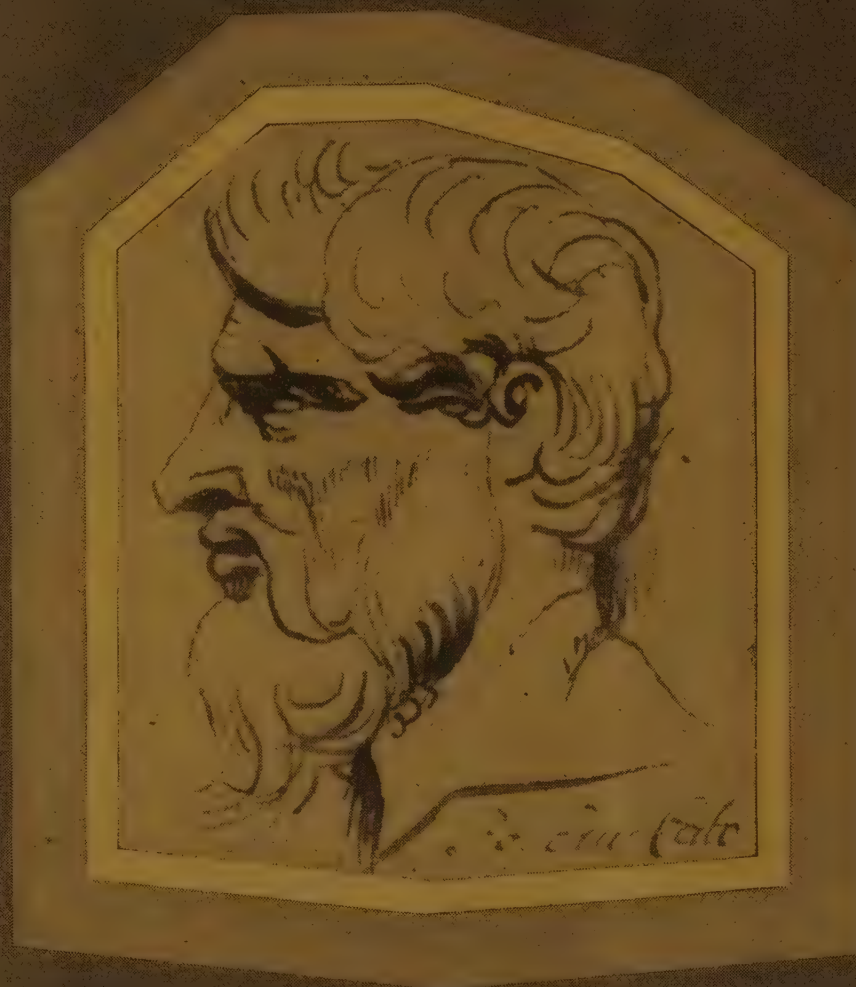
Palestine was the only country in the Middle East where Arabs immigrated and did not emigrate. Those areas populated by Arabs nearest to Jewish settlements were those that prospered most. It was this which increased the Arab immigration almost to the same level as the Jewish. Wages and standards of living in Arab Palestine were three or four times higher than those in the neighbouring Arab countries. Large citrus plantations were owned by Arabs, in addition many Arabs were employed in Jewish enterprises. The displaced Arab before the war of 1948 was largely the figment of anti-semitic agitation and exaggeration. The property bought by Jews, largely at inflated prices, was sold by the absentee landlords who had no consideration for their tenants. There were 6,000,000

acres of land available in Palestine, of which before the war Jews only possessed some 300,000. In addition they contributed the greater part in taxes towards government expenditure.

As to the displacement of Arabs after the Jewish War of Independence, which was a war of pure aggression by the Arab League, the majority of these left of their own accord, or were forced to by the Arab invaders, who guaranteed not only their return but the complete destruction of the Jews and the confiscation of their property, of which these Arabs were promised more than a share.—Yours, etc.,
Richmond SIDNEY SALOMON

Sir,—The talk by Miss Sibyl Eyre Crowe, 'Israel and the Arab States', would require more space for a full reply than I could reasonably expect. I confine myself, therefore, to the problem of the Arab refugees.

Miss Eyre Crowe accepts Unwra's figure of 900,000 refugees. However, certain other figures



MARCUS PORCIUS CATO (the Elder)
Cato, Roman Statesman (234—149 B.C.), was by modern standards more
than severe. But by the austerity of his principles he came to be regarded as
the exemplar of integrity.

*Integrity implies a positive ethical pattern
that is always consistent no matter in what
light or in what circumstances it may be seen.*

*An enlargement of a Rubens sketch (perhaps from a
medal) in the British Museum.*

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in her talk are irreconcilable with so high a number. The part of Palestine which is now Israel had 1,500,000 inhabitants in 1947, and 1,750,000 in 1955; 750,000 of them immigrated into Israel since 1948. It is improbable that their natural increase exceeds 25,000. The other 775,000 inhabitants may include a natural increase of 50,000 over eight years.

If we deduct from Israel's present population of 1,750,000, the 750,000 immigrants and 25,000 as maximum natural increase, we arrive at a figure of 925,000, which represents 750,000 Jews who lived in Palestine in 1947 and a minimum of 150,000 Arabs who remained in the Nazareth district of Israel. As in 1947 the total population of this area was 1,500,000, the number of Arab refugees cannot have exceeded 1,000,000-625,000. Their natural increase is likely to be equalled by the number of refugees who have found their own resettlement.

Unwra distributes 900,000 rations. It is beyond dispute that the method of registration supports demands for many rations for 'ghost' people. But I do not believe that this explains the full difference. What is likely is that a quarter of a million people who never lived within Israel's boundaries have found it possible and profitable to register as refugees.

Miss Eyre Crowe's final error is: 'The responsibility for the whole situation is ultimately ours'. The main responsibility lies with the Arab leaders who, when the British forces left, asked the Arabs who lived in Palestine to go out of the way of their concerted attack which would sweep the Jews into the sea, and who ever since have refused to discuss the resettlement of the refugees. The author of the talk accepts many of their excuses for their inability to settle the refugees, but forgets that the homesteads and livelihoods of 350,000 Jewish refugees have been vacant, who since 1948 have left the Arab countries for Israel.

Great Britain's responsibility is that during the last ten years of the Mandate she admitted into Palestine, in contradiction of the terms of the Mandate, many hundred thousands of Iraqis, Syrians, and Jordanese, elements whose exodus their own countries welcomed, who flooded into Palestine because of the opportunities from the Jewish colonising and the British war efforts, and who now represent probably the largest part of the refugee population.

This mistake undoubtedly involves Great Britain to some extent, but British efforts towards a fair settlement are not assisted by believing, as Miss Eyre Crowe does, Iraq's plea that she could not accept any refugees before 1975, although 130,000 Jewish refugees left Iraq for Israel in 1951.—Yours, etc.,

Birmingham, 16

WALTER PINNER

Religion on the Air

Sir,—I am sorry to make still further demands on your space, but your leading article 'Religion on the Air' (March 22) gives a somewhat misleading impression. You say:

We live in a Christian nation. . . . Religious feelings and interests still today lie deep. When an argument was recently put forward on the wireless for 'morals without religion', it was astonishing how fierce and wide was the reaction.

If, as would appear, 'reaction' here means 'adverse reaction', it is only fair to point out that there was a favourable reaction as well.

Where the national press was concerned, the so-called 'outcry' was confined to three newspapers—the *Sunday Graphic*, the *Daily Telegraph*, and the *Daily Sketch*; and even the *Telegraph*, when its first fury had subsided, published articles favourable to the broadcasts by Dean Matthews and Sir Kenneth Grubb. *The Times* and the *Sunday Times* were critical but restrained; the *Daily Express*, the *Sunday*

Express, and the *News Chronicle* non-committal; while *The Observer*, the *Manchester Guardian*, the *Daily Mail*, the *Daily Herald*, the *Daily Mirror*, *Reynolds News*, and *The People* expressed outspoken approval, if not of my views, at least of the B.B.C.'s policy in allowing them to be broadcast.

Press comment, however, is not always an accurate guide to public opinion, and probably the best indication of the general attitude to the broadcasts is to be found in the letters sent by listeners to the B.B.C. and to me. The B.B.C., as was stated in *The Times*, received some 1,500 letters about the talks, divided in the proportion of about three 'anti' to two 'pro'. I myself received some 1,900 letters, divided in the reverse proportion—about three 'pro' to two 'anti'. A detailed analysis of the first 1,200 letters that came in, together with numerous quotations, is contained in my book *Morals without Religion and other Essays*.

I received a number of letters that were decidedly 'fierce', and so, no doubt, did the B.B.C. But I am surprised that THE LISTENER's leading article should sound so pleased about this. I thought that the Christian religion discountenanced fierceness. But perhaps you, Sir, agree with Cardinal Newman that 'it would be a gain to the country were it vastly more superstitious, more bigoted, more gloomy, more fierce in its religion, than at present it shows itself to be'.

There was a refreshing (to me) lack of fierceness in Dean Matthews' recent comment on the broadcasts. In a lecture to the Christian Evidence Society he said:

I am bound to say that I thought the reaction to [Mrs. Knight's talks] was, in many ways, disconcerting. After all, so far as I could discover, she was saying nothing more, or other, than a great number of people in our country really think, and the pained surprise of many Christians . . . suggested to me, at any rate, that there was a strange ignorance of the world in which they lived, and of the current opinions in it. (*Morality without Religion*, C.E.S. pamphlet, page 3).

Yours, etc.,

MARGARET KNIGHT

Bucksburn

Stories of Chinese Ghosts

Sir,—Interesting parallels to Mr. Waley's eighteenth-century Chinese ghost stories (THE LISTENER, March 22) abound in Lapland today. Here the belief in the existence of ghosts and the 'underground people' is so strong, and their active participation in human affairs so frequently a matter of direct experience, that the distinction between their world and ours is almost completely eradicated.

An old friend of mine told me, as naturally as she mentioned the people she had seen in the village store that morning, that she had some days previously met a boy on the mountains whom she tried to engage as a farm-hand. 'I'm sorry,' he had said, 'but I'm afraid I can't help you. You see, I don't really belong to this world, and this evening I'll have to go underground again'. Another friend, a Norwegian, finds it impossible to persuade her Lapp mother-in-law that the baby is safe in its pram in the garden. She is terrified the 'underground people' will kidnap it when they are not looking, and once was hysterical with fear when my friend took the child inside without her knowing and she came upon the empty pram.

One excellent story that was circulating in the village during my stay there, and which I fortunately was able to record on tape, tells how the village pastor exorcised a spirit that was troubling passers-by on a certain track across the ridge behind the village. There are two interesting things about this story, first that it was firmly believed to be true by those who

heard it and passed it on, and second that every one of the rich embellishments to the story was founded on actual details that occurred during the pastor's real visit to the spot.

It would be interesting to know how far the stories related by Mr. Waley were believed by the Chinese of that time to be factual accounts of real experience, and whether such stories are still prevalent among the people there today.

Yours, etc.,

London, N.W.11

MARGARET FULBOHM

'The Shirt of Nessus'

Sir,—Your reviewer asks (THE LISTENER, February 16): 'Why it is that there is never a photograph of Adam Trott, who had so many friends, in his own country and in this one, in books about the German opposition to Hitler'. May I remind him that there is one, together with a brief biography, on pages 221-223 of *Das Gewissen steht auf*, by A. Leber (Mosaik Verlag, Berlin—Frankfurt/Main, 1954), a book excelling in photographs of a high order.—Yours, etc.,

Farnham

DIETRICH KÜCHEMANN

'The Heart of a King'

Sir,—I enjoyed reading Mr. Plomer's 'The Heart of a King', published in THE LISTENER of February 2, but I beg to point out that the second line of IV—Epilogue: 'He lies in the Abbey . . .' is incorrect since Dean Buckland's rock-hewn grave is in Islip churchyard. He was rector here, and his grave is still cared for.

Yours, etc.,

Islip

A. W. BLANCHETT

[Mr. Plomer writes:

I am much obliged to the Rev. A. W. Blanchett. I was aware that Dean Buckland had been buried at Islip, but a story was put about after his death that he was buried—and with him the heart of Louis XIV—in the Abbey, and it was this story that I allowed the speaker of the Epilogue to believe. Perhaps it would be better for me to stick to the fact.]

' . . . ce que vivent les Groves '

Sir,—May I point out that Mr. Philip Hope-Wallace in his enjoyable excursion '*du côté de chez Groves*' made one reckless leap of about 250 years. The lines which he so cleverly parodies:

*Et, rose, elle a vécu ce que vivent les roses,
L'espace d'un matin*

are not by Victor Hugo but by the early-seventeenth-century poet Malherbe, and occur in the stances addressed to the jurisconsult François Dupérier on the death of his daughter. Since Victor Hugo has had his full share of glory, it seems a pity to deprive the estimable Malherbe of some of his few quotable lines.

Yours, etc.,

London, N.W.3

CLAUDE MARKS

The British Pottery Industry

Sir,—I am compiling a history of some sections of the British pottery industry. While in some respects the records appear to be good, I find that there is a lack of information about some of the early pioneers. I should, therefore, be grateful if any of your readers could pass on to me any information, old letters, anecdotes, etc., concerning the following: William Ridgway, of Hanley; Edward J. Ridgway; John Ridgway; Enoch Booth, of Tunstall; Herbert J. Colclough; and Frederick S. Hughes, of Fenton.

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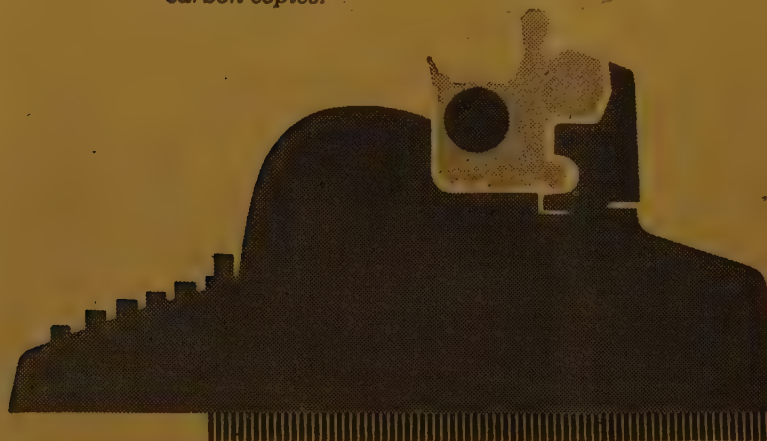
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The Listener's Book Chronicle

Victor Hugo. By André Maurois.

Translated by Gerard Hopkins.

Cape. 30s.

EGO HUGO. The poet was so aware of his genius, so *gonflé* and uncritically fecund that his immediate posterity found him unreadable. 'It sometimes happened', wrote Flaubert, 'that he would substitute for himself in the eyes of the public a tremendously solemn, boring and grandiloquent *concierge*, who was so extraordinarily like him that everyone was taken in'. The subsequent literary generations refused to be taken in until they discovered, much to their surprise, that Hugo had already made most of the creative experiments which had fermented in Symbolism, Surrealism and the derivatives from Apollinaire. The poet began to be known when he was no longer isolated on a cloud slightly *above* Parnassus—a position which he, with what M. Maurois calls his 'cosmic theatricality', had been only too ready to assume. It was inevitable that after the forty-five volumes of the *Collected Works* everyone should feel a little tired.

One path to a reassessment of the poet has been through a closer knowledge of his turbulent life. All the archives have been unlocked in recent years, and it needed a biographer of M. Maurois' skill to give shape to this new, and often embarrassing material. The result is a book which, without question, is the most accomplished the author has written. There is only one pitfall in the writing of such a biography: Hugo's life was so extraordinary, and by any standards so scandalous, that it is tempting to neglect the poetry for the analysis of a character convulsively dichotomised into sublimity and *niaserie*. M. Maurois has carefully avoided this danger; but it must be said that this is more apparent in the French edition where full weight is given to the poetry by extensive quotation and critical discussion, than in the English version where many of the quotations are suppressed and paragraphs telescoped (*e.g.*, the treatment of pp. 118 to 125 in the original). Mr. Gerard Hopkins' translation is, as usual, extremely accomplished, and the adaptation, where it occurs, is very skilfully done.

What an absorbing narrative it is! To look back across the book is to remember places and people made significant because they have been the *décor* and *dramatis personae* for the growth of a poet's mind—the drama which the destinies play out until a personal voice becomes '*la bouche d'ombre*', the anonymous voice of a people seeking an utterance for the obscure sense of glory that persists in their human abasements and defeats. Victor Hugo had a long odyssey to achieve from the moment of the child in the garden of the Feuillantes to his apotheosis on the frontiers of darkness where Paris kept dionysiac festival around the Arc de Triomphe and 'the god lay sleeping'; and if his life is the fulfilled vocation of the poet, at whatever cost to himself and others through his monstrous egotism, then he found his Ithaca.

M. Maurois perfectly re-creates that voyage. He suppresses none of the irreconcilable opposites—the chaste youth and the sexual exploits of the ageing faun, the generosity and the parsimony, the bourgeois and the rebel, the militant patriot and the intransigent pacifist; because he gives to each their full play the central figure keeps its essential unity. The author's portrayal of those around Hugo is equally brilliant: Adèle, the poet's wife, Sainte-Beuve,

and above all Juliette Drouet, his adorable and fanatically faithful mistress who, now that her full story is known, can never be separated from the poet's fame.

English Politics in the Early Eighteenth Century. By Robert Walcott.

Oxford. 18s.

Historians of English eighteenth-century politics used to concentrate on the great party leaders, paying little or no attention to the rank and file of the House of Commons. A quarter of a century ago, Mr., now Sir Lewis, Namier reversed this practice, with such rewarding results that his example has been widely followed. Within the last few weeks one American has published a sociological analysis of the 5,000 M.P.s returned from 1734 to 1832; and now in the present book another, Mr. Walcott, analyses the occupations and political groupings of the members of the House of Commons in 1701, the results of the general election of 1702, and the course followed by the various party groups during the next five years.

According to Mr. Walcott's analysis, at least 55 per cent. of the House of Commons in 1701 were country gentlemen, the balance consisting of merchants, lawyers, service officers and placemen. Politically he finds that its members fell into three groups: 38 belonged to 'the Court interest' and 212 to seven 'family connections', while about 250 were 'unattached, independent, or unconnected country gentlemen'. An examination of the political behaviour of these groups leads him to the conclusion that they cannot be fitted into a purely Whig-Tory framework and that a 'new dimension', that of 'Court-Country', is necessary. In his own words:

In order to map the political position of the party groups, then, we need all four terms. 'Whig' and 'Tory' will be the 'east' and 'west' points; 'Court' and 'Country' the 'north' and 'south' points of our political compass. We can think of Parliament as a compass card that can be divided into a number of different segments, and in any one session we can expect to see it divided differently on different issues. Thus on a straight party issue like the contest between a Whig and a Tory for Speaker, there will be an 'east-west' division, but on a standard Country issue like a Bill barring placemen from the House there will be a 'north-south' division—Court against Country.

Or, as an earlier writer has put it:

Each of the two Houses was divided and subdivided by several lines. To omit minor distinctions, there was the great line which separated the Whig party from the Tory party; and there was the great line which separated the official men and their friends and dependants, who were sometimes called the Court party, from those who were sometimes . . . honoured with the appellation of the Country party. And these two great lines were intersecting lines.

It is interesting that Mr. Walcott's researches should have led him independently to the same conclusion as Macaulay.

A more controversial feature of Mr. Walcott's study is his account of the 'family connections', which he describes as 'the fundamental cells of the party structure'. This is of course essentially a matter for specialists, but *prima facie* a good many members are assigned to particular connections on rather tenuous evidence, such as relationship, which in the eighteenth century is not a safe guide to political allegiance. Moreover, if the similar and better-known phenomena of

the 1760s are any guide, such formations, apart from a hard core of members nominated for their leaders' boroughs, were highly volatile and liable to disperse as rapidly as they assembled.

The fact that in this case the Namier technique does not seem to have led to very startling new discoveries in no way reflects on Mr. Walcott's book. All workers on the period, especially those engaged on the history of Parliament, will be indebted to him for the immense amount of labour which he has put into it. Its usefulness is increased by an excellent index, which makes it easy to trace each of some 600 individual M.P.s treated in the text and the appendices.

The Shrine of St. Peter. By Jocelyn Toynbee and John Ward Perkins.

Longmans. 42s.

This book, though not an easy one to read, deserves many readers. Students of classical art will find here new examples in sculpture and painting. The history of architecture is enriched by an 'Epilogue' in which the European influence of Constantine's great church of St. Peter is discussed. But the central theme of the book is indicated by its title. It is the story of the little shrine which, after vicissitudes which have almost completely transformed it, still remains as the 'Niche of the Pallia' beneath the high altar of St. Peter's at Rome. Even the glittering, twisted columns of Bernini's canopy over that altar are an echo across the ages of the twisted columns which already in the time of Constantine carried a smaller canopy over the same shrine and its forecourt. The sense of continuity, alike in faith and expression, presented by the tiny monument is one which must appeal to the historically minded, however detached or even alien the personal viewpoint.

The materials which have gone to the making of this book were recovered during and after the war by Italian and German excavators digging beneath the great crypt of St. Peter's. There they found, first the floor of Constantine's church of the fourth century A.D., and then, below that, the extensive remains of a rich pagan cemetery dating mostly from the second century A.D. That in itself might have been deemed rewarding enough; no less than half of the present book is devoted to a description of these tombs and an appreciation of the wall-paintings and sculptures in marble and stucco which they produced in considerable quantity and rather more than average quality. But the goal of the whole enterprise was of course the traditional shrine of St. Peter itself, of which nothing certain could be determined from the disguised fragment now visible. What was the true antiquity of this shrine? And was St. Peter in fact buried beneath it?

Evidence for the partial answering of these and other questions is contained in a Report published at Rome in 1951 at such cost as to render it virtually inaccessible. The present book is a re-survey and re-evaluation of the factual data presented by the Report, aided by such slight observation as is now feasible to the privileged visitor. It may be said at once that the authors have steered, with unqualified success, a difficult course through a mass of second-hand observation and inherited belief, and their conclusions are as near the objective truth as any are now likely to be.

Briefly, the problem is this. The focal point of Constantine's great church was the



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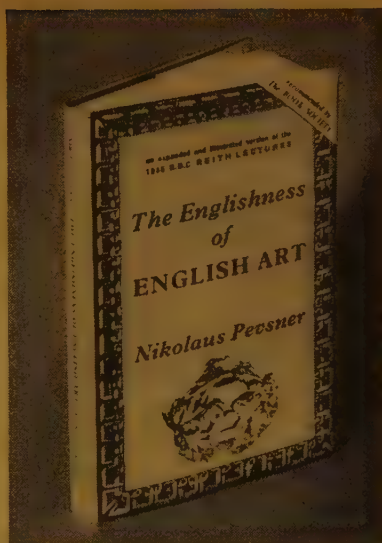
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small shrine which he manifestly believed to mark St. Peter's resting-place. The recent excavations have shown that this shrine was built about A.D. 160, *i.e.*, about a century after the Apostle's martyrdom there or nearby under Nero. It was in fact built integrally into the outside face of an adjacent (and probably pagan) tomb-enclosure. But it was built in a curious fashion. At this point, the foundations of the enclosure-wall suddenly take an upward bend before resuming their normal level, and over the bend their face has been roughly hacked away. The scar is below the structural ground-level; but two superimposed niches were included in the exposed wall vertically above it, and in the floor of the lower niche a small aperture admitted relics or offerings to the object of veneration below-ground.

Only one explanation satisfactorily fits these facts. The constructors of the enclosure-wall came unexpectedly upon a burial, and improvised measures first to avoid disturbing it and, secondly, to facilitate immediate access to it. (In fact a few bones, allegedly human, were found here but, by a strange omission, have not been authoritatively described by the excavators.) Then, thirdly, the builders were prevailed upon to mark the spot by incorporating an architectural feature in the wall above-ground. Two inferences follow: the discovery was fortuitous, but an unusual importance was at once attached to it. It can scarcely be otherwise than significant that any tradition relating to the spot must, therefore, by A.D. 160, have been so nebulous that the eventuality was not foreseen. In other words, St. Peter and his shrine are still separated by a dubious century for which possibilities or even probabilities may be claimed, but not clear certainty.

Horace Walpole's Correspondence with William Mason. Edited by W. S. Lewis. Oxford. 2 volumes. £8.0.0.

Rich men strive for immortality in strange ways and perhaps Mr. Lewis' is the most original. His monumental edition of Horace Walpole's letters is one of the most complete works of scholarship ever attempted. A factory of learned men, liberally supplied with apprentices, scours the literature of Europe to elucidate the most fleeting references in Walpole's letters. A world-wide intelligence service reports at once to Farmington the appearance of a new piece of Walpoliana. Books or objects which belonged to Horace Walpole and his friends are almost as eagerly sought as his letters. Anyone wishing to know the whereabouts of the tub in which Horace's cat, Selina, drowned herself or of the pieces of painted glass that were broken at Strawberry Hill by the explosion of a powder mill on Hounslow Heath on February 6, 1772, or of the last appearance in the sale room of his specially bound copy of Jacob Bryant's *An Essay on the Original Genius and Writings of Homer*, will find it in the footnotes. Never before in history has so much been known about a single human being. And there are another twenty-five to thirty volumes to come! Fabulous and slightly ridiculous, this edition will remain one of the great achievements of American historical scholarship. And for those whose curiosity is insatiable, it will prove endlessly fascinating.

Horace Walpole was not a deep nor a complex character; he lacked the mystery and richness of a Boswell—his one likely rival in the 'best known' stakes—but over a long life he was closely connected with great men and great events. His appetite for detail in a wide range of human activity was exceptionally vigorous and robust. He enjoyed being alive, so much so, that he could be honest about himself and generous to his fellow-men. And he wrote with ease and elegance. Even these cumbersome

volumes with their tedious paraphernalia of scholarship cannot kill the interest he arouses. He remains eminently readable.

He was not at his best with Mason, the biographer of his friend, Thomas Gray. He lacked, oddly enough, confidence when writing to him. Mason, sensing this, treated him with an undertone of contempt which became more marked with the years and made Walpole ever more abject in his protestations of friendship. Walpole's lack of confidence was probably due to a sense of inferiority in relation to Mason's abilities as a writer which Walpole held in the highest regard, a sobering reflection on the value of contemporary literary opinion. But for Walpole and Gray, Mason would have sunk into oblivion. Apart from this almost embarrassing diffidence which Walpole displayed towards Mason, these letters reveal not only the wit and shrewdness that we have come to expect but also less familiar aspects of Walpole's character—his determination to be fair to Gray even at the expense of his own reputation. He laid the blame of their quarrel on his own youthful insensitivity, arrogance and snobbery, and gave Mason permission to make what he liked of his admission. The letters in which he describes his folly are full of a measured dignity which adds a further dimension to his character. For Walpole addicts this rather untypical collection will find a favoured place; and those who delight in the luxuriant profusion of Mr. Lewis' monomania will discover many new gems in the footnotes.

The Scale of Things. Poems by Patric Dickinson. Chatto and Windus. 7s. 6d. Brides of Reason. A selection of poems.

By Donald Davie. Fantasy Press. 6s. Admirers of Mr. Dickinson's earlier verse may find his latest collection, *The Scale of Things*, rather disappointingly thin. Twenty-six pages of print—many of them half-empty—is simply not good enough for the price. Mr. Dickinson is, of course, too good a poet not to be still making a fight of it, and even the smallest of these poems is 'beautifully turned': but we need, nowadays, to be able to predicate more of poetry than that, for its own sake as much as for our own. The last poem here, 'At the Villa Nelle' ('The young have taken Empson for a master'), is a good joke that could have been better (the title is the best thing about it: the footnotes become facetious). Several of the satirical epigrams are very successful, and 'Geologic' has a Landorian purity. Of the lyrical poems, the two best are 'On the Point', which has real movement and awareness of the terror of things, and 'The Hounds', with its back-fire of an ending (the poem is about trying to escape the *saeva necessitas* of the creative urge):

The hounds. The great man's dream. The stone.
But Orestes knows what I must write,
He knows I see them and what they mean:
The hounds. The great man's dream. The stone.
Has nobody got any shoes to clean?
Has nobody got a fire to light?

Mr. Donald Davie may have been at the Villa Nelle, but most of his poems ('Poem as Abstract' is perhaps an exception) make no pretensions to Empsonism. They are urbane, clear moral descriptions, mostly in rhyming quatrains. They always complete exactly what they set out to do—like hymns: and indeed they may be regarded as very successful rationalist hymns to the god of total acceptance. The 'neutral tone', paradoxically, gives a genuine *aesthetic* pleasure (a choice vocabulary *vis-à-vis* metre and rhyme) as the 'discoveries' are unfolded. These are various: *e.g.*, in 'Heart Beats' it is discovered that the heart is not merely the register but the source of passion and suffering. The poetic attitude is interesting: a self-conscious awareness that a poet is making the dis-

covery: side by side with the poem, it seems, there arise the lecturer's comments: finally the two are indistinguishable, the poem is the comment. The poet deliberately doesn't cut the umbilical cord between himself and the poem, so the latter is not completely free of him, it does not exist as a thing-in-itself. The poet continues to be embarrassed by it, continues to regard it as part of his own self-consciousness, like a violinist hearing and describing the dying note of his G string. These poems should be read as true works of an age dominated by criticism, the best kind of cultured pearl. And there are thirty-nine pages for six shillings: Orwell (and Lucky Jim) would reckon this as fair enough, the price of twenty cigarettes and a couple of pints.

Inside Africa. By John Gunther.

Hamish Hamilton. 30s.

There is something of everything in these nine hundred pages—first-class descriptive reporting and stodgy information; the only extended treatment in English of the political situation in French North Africa; one or two brilliantly spine-chilling three-line narratives; school-masterly humour and real wit; balanced judgements of complex situations and the crudest ascription of motives; pithy aphorisms, folklore, popular fallacies, chestnuts and bogus anthropology; contradictory statements on the same page. Anthropologists can at least laugh at the explanation they are offered of the absence in Bantu languages of words exactly corresponding to 'sister' and 'brother'. Lawyers may envy the confidence with which Mr. Gunther asserts that one territory is governed 'just like a colony' and another 'as a protectorate in the strict sense'. And what is one to say of the notion that French West Africa is unduly decentralised? But those readers who are pedantic enough to be irritated by inaccuracy of detail must remember that the book is intended for readers who think concern for accuracy of detail is pedantic.

Its real value is that it is written by a sympathiser with nationalist aspirations who is not a naive anti-colonialist. Mr. Gunther sums up one argument near the beginning: 'Colonialism (1) did a great deal of good; (2) is dying', and another near the end: 'Colonial abuses are wrong, but this does not mean that nationalism is always right'. He fully realises the difficulties which the nascent African states will have to encounter, and he does not make the mistake of supposing that they have all been created by the wickedness of the alien rulers. One can accuse him of naivety in his faith that an extended Point Four programme would put everything to rights and prevent Africa from falling into the arms of Russia. But one must admire his cool-headed assessment of the present strength of communist influence, which he rates much lower than some alarmists do; he convincingly explodes the theory of communist support for the Mau Mau. His suggestion that a third world war would liberate Africa logically implies that such a war is horrifyingly near. This must be, surely, one of the many passages where his typewriter has run away with him, and they are the price we pay for an enthusiasm that is rare in a book which purports to offer so much information on serious subjects.

Its weakness is that Mr. Gunther's enthusiasm is not evenly distributed. His interest in the people he can see and talk to is both intense and penetrating, but when they are removed from him in time, or anonymous as members of organisations, he forgets that they are still people and interprets all their actions as sinister machinations of that separate species, the politician as popularly conceived. He understands perfectly well how Dr. Schweitzer can combine a life of

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DISPOSSESSING THE DEVILS

By PODALIRIUS

When I was a boy in ancient Greece we regarded the mentally ill as hounded by Furies, and respected them accordingly. Unfortunately an eastern notion, current at the time, ascribed insanity to demoniacal possession, and the explanation naturally had a wider appeal: it gave the custodians of the mentally sick such ample excuse for reprisals.

If, in the dark centuries which followed, there were devils abroad, they were not quartered on the patients. We doctors housed our share: our prescriptions usually included bonds, darkness and a whip.

Things took a turn for the better at the end of the eighteenth century (when my French colleague, Phillippe Pinel, got rid of the chains and the beatings), and they have gone on getting better ever since—as the successive names “madhouse,” “lunatic asylum” and “mental hospital” bear witness. My psychiatric colleagues of today, in fact, are making handsome amends for their inglorious predecessors. New forms of psychotherapy, new drugs, and new physical methods of treatment have so changed the prospect that some three-quarter of those now admitted to mental hospitals enter as voluntary patients; and most of them are back home again inside a few months.

All the same, that old sphinx the brain still has plenty of riddles for us doctors: we know it is associated with the mind, but not exactly how; we know our treatments change its behaviour, but not exactly why; we know it is sensitive to substances in the bloodstream, but not exactly which. Its microscopic anatomy is so complex that specially delicate techniques are needed for its study, its electrical changes are so many that only a tiny fraction of them can be observed at a time, its feats of memory so prodigious that we try to comprehend them by watching the much simpler performances of electronic computing machines.

But mental health research is only just beginning: give us time. Oedipus (hampered as he was by his complex) was able to solve the riddle of a former sphinx: and I'd back my modern colleagues against Oedipus any day.

Most of us manage to escape the more serious forms of mental malady. But Podalirius' point is well taken. We all experience times when we are “not ourselves”. We suffer from “nerves”, and one of the first steps a doctor will take will be to see if we are getting sound (i.e. complete) nutrition. That's why so many doctors tell patients to take Bemax (plain or chocolate-flavoured) daily, so as to augment their regular diet. For Bemax is stabilized wheat germ and one of the richest vitamin-protein-mineral supplements.

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self-sacrifice with an 'old colonial' attitude towards Africans, and why party leaders have to placate their extremest followers. But when he is giving background information his favourite word is 'device'; the Act of Algeciras, for example, was a British device to keep other nations out of Tangier. If British dependencies do not elect representatives to Westminster this is because it is 'not permitted'. Mr. Gunther is not indeed interested in constitutional arrangements, and one might forgive this even in a book on politics, if he did not insist on telling us so much about them. The aim of making the British system intelligible to American readers is a laudable one, but unfortunately Mr. Gunther has not understood it himself. His most dangerous statement is quite gratuitous—that British Guiana has been governed by decree since the suspension of the elected legislature.

In Mr. Gunther's eyes the essential needs of Africa are education, the emancipation of women, and 'flush toilets'. At no point does he consider whether there may be any competition for resources between education and other desirable activities. He disapproves of homosexuality as strongly as he does of slavery, and discusses it almost as often.

Bamboo and Bushido

By A. G. Allbury. Hale. 12s. 6d.

It must be said at once that this deeply moving account of Japanese captivity cannot be read without arousing feelings of the utmost horror. Indeed the author himself is well aware of this. 'There are some things', he notes, 'it is better not to know. But now, twelve years later, I feel there is no virtue in forgetfulness, nor yet in ignorance. Let those whose memories think back, and those whose knowledge is incomplete learn something of the horror that is war'.

Mr. Allbury was born in Bermondsey forty years ago, the son of a docker. He left school at the age of fourteen, married in 1938, and the following year, believing war to be imminent, became a territorial gunner in order to ensure service in a branch of the army that appealed to him. Early in 1942 he arrived with his unit at Singapore, became a prisoner when the city capitulated a few months later, and in company with thousands of his fellow-countrymen was sent as a slave-labourer to work on the railway which the Japanese were trying to build between Siam and Burma. It is a fairly familiar story of brutality and degradation, and one which has already been told by others, but it differs from earlier accounts in several important respects.

Mr. Allbury could be excused for regarding his captors as a nation of sub-human brutes, and while it would be unreasonable to expect him to like the Japanese, he never believed that the treatment meted out to him and his companions was entirely typical. He is scrupulously fair and records every slightest hint of decent human action. Apologists for the Japanese have tried to condone their behaviour on the grounds that it was no different from that commonly displayed towards their own people, but no dispassionate observer with personal knowledge of the facts could possibly accept this view.

It was not, as is often supposed, the physical brutality that sapped the strength of our men. 'Much of our distress', the author notes, 'was mental; it sprang from the knowledge that the Japanese regarded us not as men but as slaves; white coolies whose only value lay in the work they could do, the number of feet of railway track they could lay each day'. Only a small proportion survived, and while Mr. Allbury himself is obviously a man of good physique and great moral courage he attributes his own survival to a spell of duty when, with feelings of considerable guilt, he accepted a job in one of the kitchens providing for his captors, thus

ensuring for himself a diet somewhat above the mere subsistence level.

As soon as the railway was completed the surviving prisoners were sent back to Singapore. There were rumours that the next move was to be to Japan itself. Meanwhile the men were put to work in the docks, salvaging scrap iron from the many badly damaged hulks with which the harbour was now cluttered; a long journey through seas in which it was obvious the Japanese no longer held command seemed even less inviting than it had before. But at last a day came when the prisoners were herded on board a transport. There was no proper accommodation, not even space to lie down and practically no arrangements had been made for food. But after years of deprivation few of the men had any fight left in them; most of them were only just alive and could but accept mutely what appeared the likely outcome of this journey. A few days later the inevitable happened; the convoy was attacked and almost totally destroyed. Later a merchantman appeared on the scene and hope revived in the minds of our near-raving men who had already spent several days in the water clinging as best they could to bits of floating rigging. But after picking up the remaining Japanese survivors, who were of course in their ship's boats, the merchantman sailed away leaving thirteen hundred British soldiers to drown in the South China Sea.

It is a horrible story, without doubt the most shameful in all naval history, but it is right that it should not be forgotten. Mr. Allbury's own escape is almost incredible. After a whole week in the water, without food and for several days in high delirium, he recovered consciousness, but it was some time before he could understand that he had been rescued by an American submarine. This is not a work of literature but it is nevertheless an outstanding personal narrative, notable for the author's modesty and the complete lack of bitterness with which the tale is told.

Carlyle: Selected Works

Edited by Julian Symons.

Hart-Davis. 27s. 6d.

Admirable, like its predecessors, in format, typography, and general design, this new volume in the Reynard Library is welcome, both for its subject, and for the justice and balance of its introduction. Mr. Julian Symons, as earlier works have shown, refuses to be blinkered by convention; he states, boldly, that Carlyle was 'the most original British thinker of his age': one who had 'certain insights into the nature of society denied to other British thinkers'. He is, further, the most relevant to us; 'Much that Carlyle has to say, even in his later work, has a strikingly contemporaneous air: many of his observations might have been made in the nineteen-fifties, instead of a century earlier'. No trace, in him, of Victorian 'complacency': his natural climate was one of upheaval, revolution, even the preternatural. Half a century ago his ideas were thought to be out-moded. Even more violent were attacks on his style. His mode of writing was derided in his own time as (so he notes in his diary) 'too full of meaning'. John Morley remarked, coldly, that its 'eccentricities may be expected to deprive his work of that permanence which is only secured by classic form'; his beloved John Sterling tartly condemned his 'barbarous locutions'. Taste, in these matters, changes; Logan Pearsall-Smith, thirty years ago, saw him, with Keats, as one of the great 'word-creators' of our language. Readers, today, are readier than were their fathers to accept an incomparably vivid speech, which, whether in appeal or in invective, in comedy or in tragedy, in the descriptions of individuals or

of crowds, is invariably alive. What is required today is that Carlyle should be taken down from the shelves and read.

To that, this volume should be a potent stimulus. As it stands, much is lost in that *Sartor* and *Past and Present* are represented only by their earlier sections, and that *The French Revolution* misses its thrilling opening, and starts at Book VII; architecture, the sense of grand, organic structure, is inevitably compromised thereby. But Mr. Symons had to select, and he has selected well. Concerned, as he is, to chart the development of Carlyle's ideas rather than of his life, he is right to have given much space to these three and to *Heroes*, reduced *Frederick and Cromwell*, where he seldom speaks with his own voice, to modest dimensions, and confined *Latter-Day Pamphlets*, where the voice has become a screech, to one extract. He is also right in including not only the remarkable portraits of his father and of his wife, but a judicious selection from his wonderful letters. The book, as it stands, should whet the appetite for more; that is its best praise.

Hymns as Poetry

An Anthology Compiled by Tom Ingram and Douglas Newton.

Constable. 25s.

The metrical hymn, going back as it does to the Latin fathers and the earliest Christian poetry, is a most interesting chapter in the history of the development of the vernacular literature of the West. It is also, in England—as the compilers of this admirable and original anthology point out—the nearest thing we have to a popular literature as well as to a permanent (and, it may be added, supra-denominational, indeed virtually secularised) popular song. Hymns, with their steady nostalgic reassurance, are part of the memory of most of us, of the cold winter's walk back to Sunday lunch, best clothes, a piano on Sunday evenings, the peculiar smell of the hymnal.

Messrs. Ingram and Newton have arranged their hymns chronologically, from the sixteenth century to the end of the nineteenth, and nearly all churches that have worshipped in English are represented. The anthology's great achievement is that it reveals the great central tradition of English hymn-writing in all the emotional power of its language; from the late seventeenth to the early nineteenth century this tradition runs from the immense majestic weightiness of Ken through the tenderness of Watts and the intense passionate self-consciousness of Wesley to the romantic splendour of Heber. All these writers are seen in their full stature.

The selection is masterly: first-line hunters should be warned that the full text of Keble's morning and evening hymns is given, though they may, perhaps, regret the omission of Newman's 'Praise to the Holiest' and the young Milton's translation of Psalm 136 ('Let us with a gladsome mind'). Of the discoveries, the most startling are some hymns of the Moravian brethren, particularly 'We greet each other in the side', an almost incredible mixture of necrophily and sexual hysteria. The introduction is a happy blend of history and literary criticism, though the compilers can hardly claim as a 'discovery' the information that Donne's 'Wilt thou forgive that sinne' was sung in his presence: Walton records this. The hymn, incidentally, is in the *English Hymnal*, but its congregational use must be rare. That curious poem 'The Spiritual Railway' is also included, from a printed text of 1870. The 'first edition' of this is a memorial tablet in Ely Cathedral dated 1845, the year the railway came there. It was certainly not written as a hymn: has it really ever been used as one?

CRITIC ON THE HEARTH

Weekly comments on B.B.C. programmes by independent contributors

Television Broadcasting

DOCUMENTARY

A Shortage of Invention

WATCHING THE CLOSING DOWN of the old Alexandra Palace transmitter the other night cannot have been an upsetting experience for many outside the walls, but it was set about in a way that gave it a place in the canned archives. An enveloping darkness pierced by distant lights suggested that the final throw-out act would confront us with an unrecognisable part of experience. There was more than a touch of weirdness in the air, if not much of historical

have forgotten where they told us he was. Richard Dimbleby was left to bear the burden of a programme which ballooned beyond his grasp, bulging with marriage-guidance controversy, American opinions about the 'Viscount' aircraft and news about London's lost horses, sagging with the art of L. S. Lowry, flopping with Spanish cookery. 'Look', on the other hand, failed us not at all; provided, in fact, unflagging pleasure with its pictures of Captain Knight's eagles and his wonderfully unself-conscious running commentary on his experiences in training them. Here was a refreshingly new way of getting at us, not indigenous studio stuff but the breezy nonchalant talk of an

run-of-the-mill needs of the week, doing useful service but reinforcing one's doubts about the lack of programme invention. There were good things to see in 'Way of a River' (Clyde, up and down), 'The Berbers of the Atlas Mountains' (a fascinating travel film), 'David' (retrospect of a miner's life in South Wales), 'Daybreak in Udi' (social advance in eastern Nigeria), 'In the Land of Our Lord' (Palestine), and 'Poverty, Chastity, Obedience' (Community of the Resurrection at Mirfield, Yorkshire). Much of the appeal of 'Trans-Antarctic Expedition', marking the return of the reconnaissance party led by Dr. Fuchs, was centred on the filmed records of *Theron* on her recent voyage through the ice. It was almost a B.B.C. film festival, and perhaps one should raise one's voice at least once more in gentle protest at the possibility of our sets lapsing into home cinemas.

'Poverty, Chastity, Obedience', a repeated programme, was well worth its time all over again. It brought Christopher Mayhew back to our screens as narrator-interviewer, a welcome reappearance. His encounter with the monks of Mirfield was remarkable for its frankness. Conduct received more attention than belief. On the matter of sex, for example, the answerable delegate, Father Bishop, was effectively sincere, though he did not mention diet, probably a significant factor in that repressive context. When Mayhew went on to ask about monastery scandals one had a slightly uncomfortable feeling that he had strayed beyond the terms of reference. Anyhow, those who hoped for revelations were disappointed. Not even Coulton was quoted or the reproaches of Gregory XII. The subject was disposed of by Father Bishop's appeasing smile. Shut off from social forms which he and his like would consider decadent, he left us wondering whether monasteries are among them. There was no denying the quite exceptional appeal of this programme.

The Priestley book series came to an end regretted by many of us who liked its urbanity, its information, and particularly its essentially unforced pace. This last programme had some faults of repetition but it was pleasant to be addressed, conversationally, by the mind of Iris Murdoch, whose new novel, *The Flight From The Enchanter*, was up for discussion.

Two outside broadcasts helped further to raise the week's level and tone: 'Home Town', from Llanelli, and 'Be Your Own Boss', from the Savoy Hotel, London, where we watched a panel adjudicating on the merits of finalists in a *News Chronicle* £3,500 competition to advance a career in industry. 'Home Town' proved beyond challenge that some of the most genuine human sentiment is to be found among the Welsh people. 'Be Your Own Boss' had us on edge with trepidation for the four contestants, each of whom had something to commend him to our good wishes. The winner, Sam Bloor, is a Potteries man, which reminds me to chip in with a correction of misinformation given twice recently on B.B.C. television, once by the Lord Mayor of Stoke-on-Trent and once by Wilfred Pickles. Both



As seen by the viewer: 'Look' on March 28—Captain W. R. Knight with his twenty-eight-year-old Golden Eagle 'Mr. Ramshaw'; and (right) a young eagle, 'Coronation'

John Cura

importance. Tuning in to the B.B.C. test transmissions from the new Crystal Palace station, I got mixed results which steadied down to what seemed to be satisfactory reception. But the full transmission did not live up to expectation. It gave me Houses of Parliament with a dislodged Victoria Tower and Jacqueline Mackenzie wearing her head off-shoulder. Some day I must write about her engaging talent as a miming social critic. She is one of the reasons for answering with an affirmative the question, long anticipated, which came at me the other day: Would you bother about television if you were not paid to? 'Highlight', which Miss Mackenzie adorns once a week, has not yet justified itself as first-class television journalism but it has often come near enough to it to sustain one's belief that it will eventually do so. It lacks behind it the trained journalistic experience which could speed the transformation.

For the moment, documentary contributions to our better understanding of the world we live in are far from paramount in B.B.C. television. 'Panorama', 'Special Enquiry', and 'Look' are the chief props of a department which is evidently short of inspiration and invention. 'Panorama', last week, set waves of impatience flowing through my part of the viewing comity. Malcolm Muggeridge was away rousing the burghers of Manchester against the coming Russian visit. Woodrow Wyatt—I

expert in a circle of would-be admirers with whom he has no great reserves of patience. For once, Peter Scott had little to say and nothing to do, and the speaker's actor nephew, Esmond Knight, may have had a feeling of redundancy too. The bird-film sequences were excellent and the sight of the celebrated 'Mr. Ramshaw' perched on the back of a studio armchair reaffirmed the nobility of a species which more than any other proclaims the indignity of zoos.

Once again, film supplied a large part of the



Dr. V. E. Fuchs (left) and Sir Edmund Hillary, members of the reconnaissance party of the British Trans-Antarctic Expedition, describing their experiences to David Attenborough on March 27



'The Return' on March 25, with (left to right) William Lucas as Peter Swithin, Jane Griffiths as Angela Swithin, William Devlin as the Chaplain, Flora Robson as Sister Agatha, and Helen Haye as the Prioress

told us that Arnold Bennett 'forgot' that there are six towns of the Potteries, not five. He did not forget it. He called them the Five Towns because it sounded better.

REGINALD POUND

DRAMA

Religioso

APPROPRIATELY, HOLY WEEK led off with a play, 'The Return' by Bridget Boland, which on the face of it might have seemed faintly anti-devotional. But in fact the story of how Sister Agatha decided to jump over the convent wall after forty years in an enclosed order was nothing if not a religious play, with much simply put middle-brow talk about vocation and so on. As a play on the stage it most noticeably ran down after a moving start: on television this was less noticeable, but still a defect.

Flora Robson as the nun re-emerging into the harsh glare of the world was most touching: her tear-compelling quality is really extraordinary. Once out in the world, however, the nun becomes a puppet in a thesis play. Whether she works for the export drive (fatal phrase) or returns to seek shelter at the priory, we have all too soon ceased to care. The dilemma which is supposed to arise does not. The unbelieving nephew (William Lucas) has taken in his aunt because he himself, long a prisoner of the Japanese, has, he says, a special sympathy for the once-immured. But he is himself locked in a marriage which is not made any easier by Aunt Flora mouthing and frowning in the spare room. A fatuously cheery do-gooder who runs boys' clubs (Roy Malcolm) is supposed to point up the distinction between capstan lathe and cloistered virtue. It is all as sane and wholesome as the advice to the love-lorn in the popular press. It is also, I am sure, sincerely religious, and Miss Boland would probably be able to illustrate her story from true cases. But in spite of the moving early scenes, the play seems specious and contrived.

Nothing even moving was achieved with a very fancy and over-long relish of the 'Jugler of Notre Dame' story. Here the place was, I think, Clairvaux and the language of Irene Hall's adaptation sounded like Keats at his worst, mostly rather embarrassing. Laurence Payne was the tumbler who had nothing to offer the Virgin's statue but his skill (and not much of that, as it proved—most people would have asked for their money back if that skipping

about was all they were offered). I think it was unnecessary to bring on many Voices to tempt him. This turned the tale into a sort of St. Joan play and induced Mr. Payne into much agonised smiling, with which even the most pious minded might have been forgiven for growing quickly tired. Christian Simpson's camera pictures were imaginative, but if the story is to be so elaborated, we might just as well have Massenet's opera in full dress—with the juggler portrayed by a soprano in tights.

Later in the evening one was reminded of the weirdness of Meyerbeer's '*menuet protestant*' for there was a ballet of a kind in the service televised from St. Dominic's Priory, Hampstead, whereat the Stations of the Cross were mimed by

enthusiastic young people in draperies. I suspect that this was probably more impressive to the congregation there gathered than it was on the home hearth. But it was a bold and sometimes effective experiment. And at least the words we heard, if not the pictures, had not any of that disconcerting stagey character which is the bane of religious play-acting.

This has been my trouble in surrendering entirely to Joy Harington's sincere and often beautiful retelling of the Gospel story for Children's Television (eight episodes, culminating in the crucifixion on Easter Sunday). Tom Fleming could hardly have been more sincere as the leading figure in this. Yet the subject of 'character' in terms of voice types, regional accents, and so on is a very thorny problem and is bound to come up in such a case. In ballad and legend as well as Holy Writ—it seems worth recalling—the great and the lowly, master and servant, speak alike and in the same idiom. With colloquial treatment, however, this seems to have to be abandoned: and we hear—for me, fatally—that Mummerset rustic accent, in small parts, lepers, etc., which is the preserve of the Shakespearean clown.

Spatchcocked between bouts of *ballet religieux* on Good Friday, there was *ballet blanc* with big Beryl Grey as a regal Swan Queen. Her long flowing line and grand assumption were liked. There was a general weakness of *batterie* everywhere, and inevitably movements planned for an imperial stage look cramped on our little screens. Philip Bate showed us what of detail we wanted to see; and elsewhere kept us at arm's length from the lines of ballerina-swans bumping to and fro in arabesques: such dull padding. Easter Day also brought some lively dancing from the Spaniards Ximenez and Vargas (late of the Pilar Lopez ballet). There was clapping, stamping, and that howling known as *cante hondo* and much

evocación, I trow! Margaret Dale produced well, but kept us rather too distant this time. The half-hour went by all too quickly.

But the play which went before it, a likely enough kitchen comedy, would have done far better to limit itself to one hour only. 'No Home of Their Own' was about the engagement troubles of the Cartwrights, who were Groves under the skin with a liberal helping of Yorkshire, pud and all. Dad, builder-decorator and widower (Edward Chapman) landed an Oirish widdy (Peggy Marshall). The daughters, Diana Fairfax and Margaret Anderson, also got engaged, the former, oh merriment, to a bird-watcher shop-walker. The family bickering often took the form of rather unkind 'scoring-off'.

PHILIP HOPE-WALLACE

Sound Broadcasting

DRAMA

Voice and Vision

AN OLD ACTOR told me that, when playing one of the peculiarly black-hearted villains of transpontine melodrama in a northern stock company, he 'ladled the fellow across' until the veins stood out on his brow. Whereupon the producer summoned him moodily and muttered, 'Make it bigger! None of your dam' drawing-room stuff here!' While listening to 'Macbeth' (Third) on Easter Sunday, I remembered oddly both this and the story of the blind girl who, after another dire melodrama, asked to meet the villain because he had the kindest voice in the cast.

I say, 'remembered oddly', because these are not the thoughts one should have during a 'Macbeth'. Michael Hordern, besides being a major Shakespearean actor, has always had the microphone in his power. But I could not entirely escape from the feeling on Sunday night that his Macbeth was too innately honest a man to be involved in these shady proceedings. There was something genuine in the very grain of the voice. Moreover, he was too level-headed a fellow to see daggers in the air and ghosts at palace banquets. I am not saying that Mr. Hordern did not interpret the verse finely. He did. He searched out the meaning; he phrased imaginatively; but he could not (and I speak for myself) start Macbeth in the mind. He was quiet—there is going to be a vogue for quiet Macbeths—but neither haunted nor sinister. He was 'a soldier, and afeard', but as a good actor



'Our Lady's Tumbler' on Good Friday, with (left to right) Geraldine Stephenson as the Madonna, Laurence Payne as Alouette, Moultrie Kelsall as the Abbot, and Ronald Adam as Brother Bernard

WATCH and PLAY in —

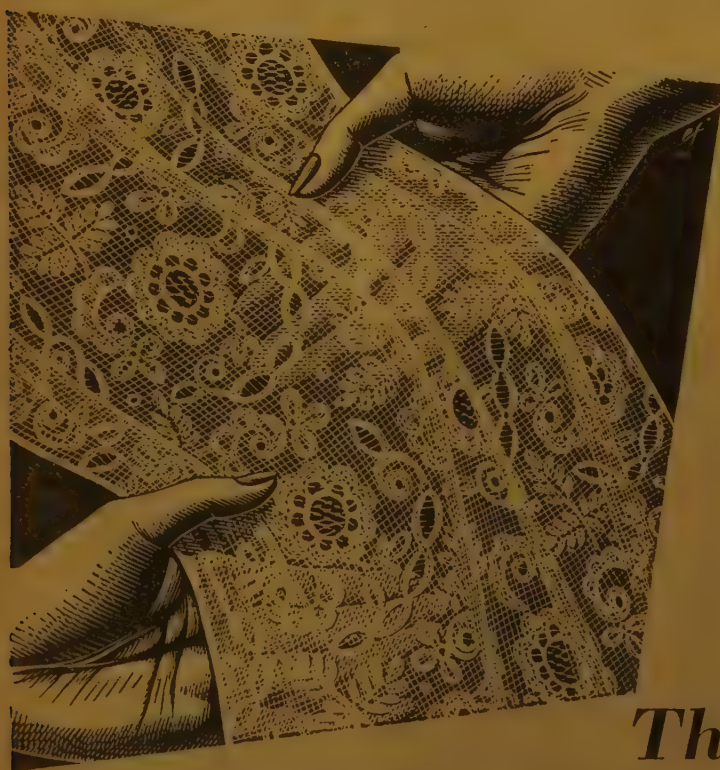
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might be, not as a living man in the toils. I felt that Mr. Hordern was feeling Macbeth intensely, fighting the part over to us, and being let down in one Hampstead room simply because the audience could not help thinking of him as a kind man with a voice that did not scald until Macbeth spoke 'from my bones my flesh be back'd' as the tyrant might conceivably have done in beleaguered Dunsinane. Later, 'tomorrow, and tomorrow, and tomorrow' had in affecting weary detachment and despair. One of these days Macbeth will get inside Mr. Hordern—or is it the other way round?—and when the microphone will blaze indeed.

Peter Watts' production, in its two hours' traffic of the stage, was mercifully straight and clear. Shakespeare for Shakespeare's sake without blurring fun. I was troubled by the apparitions because the cast was not in a ghost-seeing mood, and so the supernatural soliciting passed me by. At first, there was a sternly resolute Lady Macbeth (Mary Wimbush); the later sleepwalking is a showpiece that does not come off on the air any more than, in these days, it does in the theatre. William Squire put up a splendid Macduff. The day entered with him at Inverness, as it should, and in the English scene he gave no impression that 'one fell swoop' had waned to a stencil-phrase. The Duncan (George Hagan) was a royal presence—we knew the old man would have so much blood in him—but the Banquo did not light our spirits with the 'temple-haunting martlet' which became just a decoration.

The night appeared to be fitfully imaginative. When the players were seeing as well as speaking, we saw, too, as when mists fade intermittently from a mountain peak; but Ben Macbeth was not always in sight. We had pipes and Scottish witches, and a Porter who sounded genuine, and Brian Haines was there to turn the pages of Holinshed. An impressive occasion at times, though what a kind man Mr. Hordern is, and how could he have gone up to Duncan's chamber on the fatal night?

Joan Miller, on the other hand, was undoubtedly Joan of Arc in 'Ordeal by Fire' (Home), a play by the Belgian dramatist, Herman Closson. True, this was simply a woman who, long after Rouen, assumed the personality of Joan, and, for a while, had the King's ear. There is something curiously Pirandellist about the piece, in which impersonation turns to a study of possession. It can be vividly exciting, though in performance one did wish that Miss Miller was acting the Shavian Joan, who—and now tedious it must be for all other dramatists!—does get in the way of any treatment of the character, real or feigned. Thanks to Miss Miller, to Max Adrian—showing, as radio allows him, what a subtly sustained character actor he is away from the in-and-out of revue—and to E. J. King Bull, who adapted and produced, the play reached us with steady, unhazed effect.

The title of M. Closson's play might have been appropriate for Anne Ridler's 'The Trial of Thomas Cranmer' (Third). This properly austere study of Cranmer's last hours will have more dramatic force when it is acted in the church of St. Mary the Virgin at Oxford during May. Miss Ridler's dialogue does need visual help, even if Robert Harris, the Cranmer, can always turn his words to grave music.

'The Vicar of Wakefield' (Home) came out to meet us. Dr. Primrose's fame is matched only by his less worthy colleague of Bray. V. C. Clinton-Baddeley presented him (in a version by H. Oldfield Box), and we can say simply that our 'pleasure was unspeakable'. With Sophie Stewart to fuss as Mrs. Primrose, everything in Goldsmith's garden blossomed: even the story of the gross of green spectacles. And what a kind man Mr. Clinton-Baddeley is!

J. C. TREWIN

THE SPOKEN WORD

A Poet on Poets

'VIEWS AND RECOLLECTIONS of a Sunday Poet' was the title chosen by Frances Cornford for a delightful talk, in which for three-quarters of an hour she ruminated on poetry in general and on four minor poets, each as different from the others as chalk from cheese, who especially appeal to her, namely Herrick, A. E. Housman, Rupert Brooke, and John Betjeman. The form of her talk might be described as variations on two original themes: 'Poetry is a state of mind' by Walter de la Mare and 'All poetry is written on the Mount of Transfiguration' by 'A. E.'. Minor poets, said Mrs. Cornford, view life from the lower slopes of the Mount in a park at whose wicket an aged custodian issues tickets of admission. The custodian, impersonated, if I remember rightly, by Ernest Jay, took over now and then from Mrs. Cornford to give his simple but pointed impressions of the appearances and behaviour of the minor poets of whom she was talking.

Her own impressions of her four poets were more critical. Herrick, for instance, she acutely described as '*anima naturaliter non Christiana*', and she touched off Mr. Betjeman's verse by describing him looking out from his place on the Mount and discovering, perhaps, merely Croydon, but a Croydon freshly seen, and by noting how in his work light verse would suddenly flower into poetry. A vivid glimpse of Housman told how she had once caught in his eyes a flash of the true man before he retired into his habitual reserve. She quoted a description of him by A. C. Benson: 'There goes a man who is descended from a long line of maiden aunts'—which roused me to involuntary mirth and just indignation because my memory of Benson is one who was a maiden aunt in himself. She gave a vivid and entrancing picture of Brooke, to whose circle of close friends she herself belonged. In short, it was a memorable and engrossing talk. I wish we could have others from some of our elder poets.

If poetry is a state of mind, a university, according to Peter Winch, is 'a way of life'. In 'A University Has No Purpose' he argued that the proper function of a university is to be a place for pure study, independent investigation. If, for example, it is planned to further technology, this subordinates it to the needs of industry and so undermines its value. I heartily agree with Mr. Winch.

I wrote recently of the dearth of broadcast stories, except those of the more popular kind in the Light Programme and those for the young in 'Children's Hour'. I might have added that there is no reason why such stories should not be very good ones. Last week I heard a 'Morning Story' called 'The Spare Room' by Conrad Volk which kept a grip on my attention, but I could not help thinking, when it had ended, how much better it could have been if it had been worked out with greater intensity and written in a more distinguished style. This would have given it a much higher quality without at all impairing its wide appeal.

On the afternoon of the same day I switched on 'Children's Hour' to hear 'The Stones of Plouhinée', the seventh and last of a series of French legends and tales. This was an enthralling tale, a moral fairy story in which a good youth was richly rewarded and a wicked old man totally annihilated in a way very satisfying to the human heart. The translator, whose name I missed, had made an excellent job of it. I regretted that I had not listened to the whole series. There is to be another, of stories from the classics.

Two or three weeks ago I heard another story in 'Children's Hour' called 'Weird Sister' and, in one of my unpublished works, lost to the

world during the recent absence of THE LISTENER, I made the following remarks: "Weird Sister", a story by Howard Jones told by David, was a beautifully turned and delightfully ridiculous story of a little girl who, after studying an old book on witchcraft, succeeded in flying on a broomstick. By flying twice round the market cross in broad daylight she caused a public panic, was run in by the policeman on duty, and in due course appeared before the beak, who naturally pooh-poohed the constable's evidence'. Space forbids me to add further developments. The beauty of the story lay in its quiet and completely naturalistic treatment and the admirable reading of it, with each person convincingly characterised. It was exquisitely funny.

MARTIN ARMSTRONG

MUSIC

Rimsky and Korsakov

AMONG THE EVENTS that have gone unnoticed in the past weeks has been a series of Rimsky-Korsakov's operas, of which another was broadcast in the week under review and so stimulates a backward glance. As one contemplates 'May Night' and 'Pskovitanika' ('Ivan the Terrible'), 'The Golden Cockerel' and now 'The Tsar's Bride', there comes to mind the art historians' mnemonic:

Cossa and Costa were two pretty men,

Dosso and Dossi was one.

Mug up your Berenson, children, and then

It will all be as plain as a bun.

Was Rimsky-Korsakov really one man, or two? Was he, perhaps, too—a dry, agnostic pedant and a credulous poet of fantasy and fairy-land—rolled into an inconsistent one? The answer is anything but bun-like.

At first sight, the 'histories' and the fairytales seem to belong to entirely different worlds, to be created by two different minds, even though both use short-winded folk-tunes, and historical Rimsky even produces in 'The Tsar's Bride' as incongruous pre-echo (as the gramophone-critics say) of a theme later associated by Korsakov with Tsar Dodon's ridiculous army. Both 'The Maid of Pskov' and 'The Tsar's Bride' show the serious-minded Rimsky in the ascendant with his feet firmly planted on historical ground. There are no magical happenings, no supernatural characters; we are in the world of nineteenth-century romantic drama with a background as true to the facts of history as the censorship would allow. Yet is not the preoccupation with the powerful and sinister figure of Tsar Ivan, who is of an almost superhuman terrible, and whose character, for all that he appears only once as a *persona muta*, dominates the action of 'The Tsar's Bride' even more than that of 'The Maid of Pskov'—is not this obsession a Korsakovian trait, which produced also the sinister immortal Kashchey and the mysteriously powerful Queen of Shemakhan?

A good deal of 'The Maid of Pskov', which was well sung by an Italian cast, is rather dull. Rimsky had little gift for the musical characterisation of ordinary men and women. And he lacked Mussorgsky's skill in giving pungent expression, both harmonically and by melodic inflection, to the musical setting of conversation, though he can sometimes produce a good imitation of it. Olga, the Maid of Pskov, is a charming person, but hardly a personality—a wan reflection of those heroines of Pushkin whom Tchaikovsky infused with such passionate intensity. Martha, the Tsar's bride, has rather more character, but it is a little difficult to believe in her story or to understand exactly what her point of view is at the end. Is her last solo a kind of mad scene? As one character remarked, the terrible Tsar seemed to have no luck with

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women. The tenors, too, including Levko in 'May Night', are no more than voices with some pretty music to sing, though Michael Toucha comes to life for a moment in his attempt to rouse Pskov to resistance.

Yet though 'The Tsar's Bride' is, as a whole, the more accomplished piece of work, 'The Maid of Pskov' contains some magnificent music, notably the crowd-scenes, in which the mounting excitement was well controlled and then released at the right moment by the able conductor, Nino Sarzogno. 'The Tsar's Bride' was capably done by an English company, headed by Ruth Packer (a splendidly dramatic Martha), Redvers Llewellyn, and Arnold Matters, under the direction of Nicolai Malko. The vehement character of the jealous Lyubasha needed something more positive than the rather

anxious singing of Janet Howe, and Lloyd Strauss-Smith did not make much of the admittedly small opportunities of the leading tenor. There was a good character-study of the odious doctor by Trefor Jones. The second performance went much better than the first, in which the singers seemed unsure of themselves.

'May Night' is the first piece in which the fairy-haunted humorous Korsakov began to appear. There is the water-nymph palely loitering, there are robust peasant frolics, and plenty of those traditional singing-games, which even crop up in the historical operas. 'May Night' is a charming little opera in the theatre, but rather too watery to make a good broadcast entertainment, even in an authentic Russian performance.

In 'The Golden Cockerel', the last of the

operas and the most familiar in England, all is fantasy, nothing real. The Astrologer, who might be Korsakov in person, pretends that there is a moral to the tale, but what it is no one has discovered. The performance, relayed from Covent Garden, was highly competent, if not finely polished. Mattiwilda Dobbs conveyed the soft sensuality of the Queen's music, but did not combine it with a feeling of spontaneity or sparkling brilliance. Nor did she reveal the iron ruthlessness within the velvet glove. Howell Glynne, who also gave a good account of the humorously observed rich merchant in 'The Tsar's Bride', managed King Dodon's burlesque humours with tact, and was well supported by his courtiers, though it cannot be said that the sound of most of the voices was wholly agreeable.

DYNELEY HUSSEY

'Elijah': The Problem of Belief

By DONALD MITCHELL

Mendelssohn's oratorio will be broadcast at 7.50 p.m. on Wednesday, April 11 (Home)

ELIJAH' was first performed, with Mendelssohn as conductor, in Birmingham town hall on August 26, 1846. The composer wrote to his brother the same evening: 'No work of mine ever went so admirably at the first performance, or was received with such enthusiasm both by musicians and the public, as this'. *The Times* reported the event thus:

Never was there a more complete triumph—never a more thorough and speedy recognition of a great work of art.

'A great work of art'? That judgement, across the intervening 110 years, has undergone severe qualification, along with a general revaluation of Mendelssohn's status as a great composer; but in 1846, and for some decades afterwards, it was well-nigh unanimous. Ernest Walker wrote that, when Mendelssohn died, in 1847, 'the English musical world talked as if the sun had fallen from the sky', and we learn from the first edition of Grove's *Dictionary* that the 'Sacred Harmonic Society, the only Society in London having concerts at that period of the year, performed *Elijah* on Nov. 17, preceded by the Dead March in *Saul*, and with the band and chorus all dressed in black. At Manchester and Birmingham similar honours were paid to the departed composer'. That Handel, as it were, had a role to play in London's funeral tribute to Mendelssohn was more than appropriate. For mid-nineteenth-century ears listened to Mendelssohn as Handel's successor in the field of oratorio, even in some respects as Handel's superior. Again the earliest Grove (Vol. II, 1880) is revealing, musically and socially:

Mendelssohn's [oratorios] . . . did not come as strangers, but as the younger brothers of the Messiah and Judas Maccabaeus, and we liked them at once. Nor only liked them; we were very proud of them, as having been produced or very early performed in England; they appealed to our national love for the Bible, and there is no doubt that to them is largely owing the position next to Handel which Mendelssohn occupies in England. *Elijah* at once took its place, and it is by now almost, if not quite, on a level with the Messiah in public favour.

If this opinion unfolds an inflated estimate of Mendelssohn and of 'Elijah' in particular, it also shows how, in fact, Handel must have been misunderstood by those who lauded him. The garbing of Mendelssohn in Handelian robes makes its own comment on the appraisal of Handel's specific genius. It was this very point that was seized upon by the shrewd George Bernard Shaw who, in the eighteen-nineties, set about the Mendelssohn of the oratorios with

an incomparable rudery that heralds the approaching slump in Mendelssohn's reputation characteristic of the twentieth century:

Set all that dreary fugue manufacture, with its Sunday School sentimentalities and music school ornamentalities, against the expressive and vigorous choruses of Handel and ask yourself on your honour whether there is the slightest difference in kind between Stone Him to Death and Under the Pump with a Kick and a Thump from *Dorothy*.

It is still possible to see—or hear—what Shaw meant, but in 1956 we can, I think, arrive at a more just appreciation of Mendelssohn's achievement in 'Elijah'. After so powerful and uncritical an estimate of the piece current post-1846, the reverse swing of the pendulum was inevitable and salutary but, like most swings in taste, depreciation of Mendelssohn went much too far. It became, indeed, a fashion in itself, a distaste as conditioned, and as suspect, as the bouquets hurled by the early enthusiasts and the bricks lobbed by Shaw.

It is not hard to uncover what, in Mendelssohn's oratorios, danced on Shaw's toes. The Rev. John Edmund Cox, writing in 1872 of his 'Musical Recollections of the last Half-Century', touched on a central, sore point when he described 'the holiness of its tone' as a 'remarkable feature of this oratorio', a feature that 'seized at once upon the Birmingham audience, and has been increased on every occasion of its being repeated either in London or the provinces'. It was just that 'holiness of tone' of the Mendelssohn oratorio that stuck in Shaw's throat, that he memorably summed up as 'the compound of sanctimonious cruelty and base materialism which [Mendelssohn's] patrons, the British Pharisees, called their religion'.

We can, I think, now sympathise with Shaw's reaction while not fully sharing the burden of his complaint. Our own cultural situation allows us to take a more balanced view: though disbelief rather than belief may have strengthened its outposts in our century, our brand of materialism—dare I say it?—has become more discriminating and sensitive to the attitudes of its opponents while those who believe in belief no longer shrug off the responsibilities an act of faith entails. This matter of belief is not off the musical point—unless, that is, one views music as a self-sufficing activity removed from human reality. What a composer believes and, even more importantly, the climate of belief into which he is born, cannot be other than of profound significance, especially in a work like 'Elijah', which was inevitably and intendedly bound up with the communal religious assumptions of its period. The comfortable—cosy, per-

haps, would be the better word—'convictions' of Mendelssohn's audience have many of them been demolished, and the oratorio's 'holy tone' we no longer find acceptable, however sincere.

It is not that the calibre of the belief directly inhibited demonstration of Mendelssohn's customary prowess. He was a genius of a high order, and 'Elijah' does more to support than weaken his total achievement. There is too much superior and inspired music in 'Elijah'—and we must remember how Mendelssohn laboured at revisions after the success of the first performance—to warrant scrupulous examination of the work's feebler and, in any case, notorious moments. What continues to alarm, and to constitute in fact a major aesthetic flaw, is the gulf that often divides music from text, when Mendelssohn's invention, though characteristic and distinguished in itself, seems to bear no relation whatever to the weight or imagery of the words.

This curious discrepancy is most noticeable in some of the oratorio's songs, in Obadiah's 'If with all your hearts ye truly seek me', for example. In the choruses, a great tradition and Mendelssohn's own genius help to keep the discrepancy at bay. It is interesting, in this connection, how spiritually vibrant and resonant are the chorales; a long-sanctioned history lends them strength and depth, despite their close approximation to the nineteenth-century hymn. They vibrate with the remnants of a belief of wider scope than that prevailing in 1846. Yet even in the choral sphere, in which the oratorio has most riches to offer, there are striking failures. It is astonishing that a composer of Mendelssohn's taste and talent should have based 'Be not afraid' upon a motive whose rhythm, ♭ ♭ ♭ ♭, obsessively stressed, reduces a majestic injunction to the tritest c♯ commands.

But there lies the heart of the problem. When belief decays, the language of belief loses its vitality and finally its meaning. What 'Be not afraid' conveyed to him, Mendelssohn expressed with clarity and sincerity. It is not defective composition that we meet here in the jaunty optimism of Mendelssohn's response to his verbal challenge, but a quality of belief that merciless time has exposed as trivial. Time can do nothing to repair the ravages of triviality of the spirit, and 'Elijah', for this reason, cannot number among the greatest monuments of music built out of belief. Nonetheless, if we must reject the oratorio as 'a great work of art', we must affirm with Grove in 1880 that 'Elijah' has 'that air of distinction . . . which a great master alone can confer'. Mendelssohn, in short, composed better than he believed.

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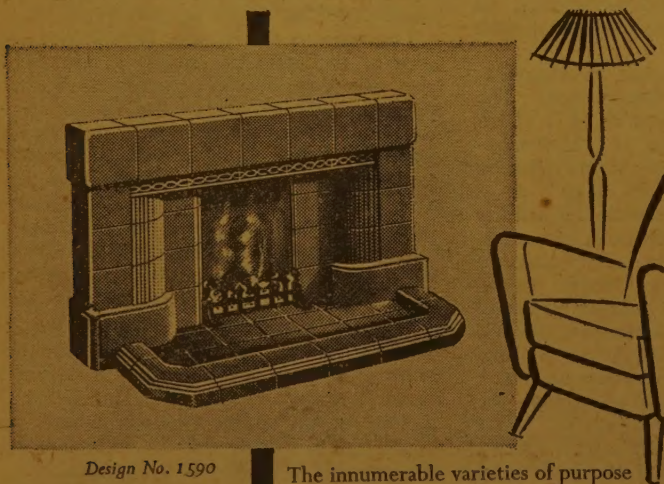
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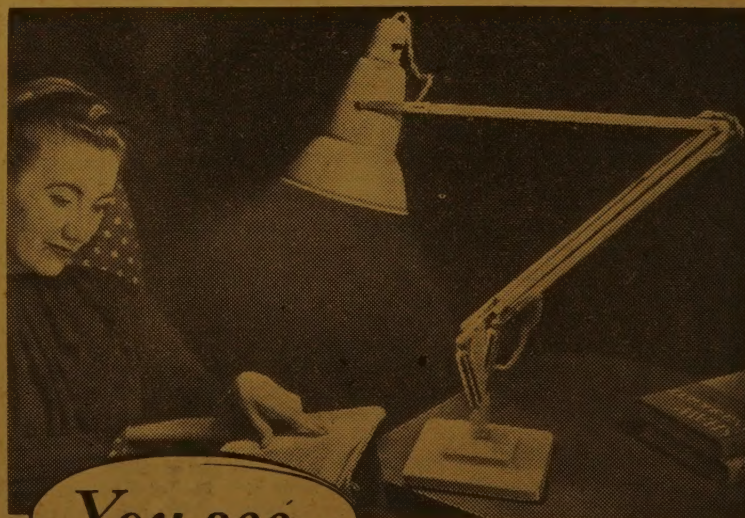
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Broadcast Suggestions for the Housewife

SAVOURY EGG DISHES

FORGIVE ME for emphasising again that most important of all rules, which is: never cook eggs at too high a temperature. The term boiled egg is misleading. An egg should never be boiled. It will be tough and leathery if it is. It should only be simmered. Now, let us consider some savoury egg dishes; the basis of so many of them is a boiled or poached egg.

If you choose boiling, when the egg is cooked plunge it into cold water for a moment to arrest the cooking, then remove the shell and place the egg in hot water to keep warm. If you poach the egg and want it to be that attractive, oval shape, break it on to a saucer and tip it off the saucer into the simmering water, to which you have added a little vinegar—about a teaspoon to a pint of water. Do not stir the water for, if you do, the egg will lose its oval shape. Simmer it gently for four to five minutes, then carefully remove it and place it in hot water until you are ready to serve it. It is good to know that you can keep the eggs hot in this way for a considerable time without them cooking further, but with one proviso—the water must only be hot, not boiling. When ready to dish up, drain on clean muslin.

A delicious dish can be made in this way: fry some *croûtes* of bread in butter. *Sauté* in a nut of butter some sliced chicken livers together with some sliced mushrooms. Add a little pepper and salt. Arrange the mixture on the fried bread, the poached or boiled egg on top. Then to the juice left in the pan add a

dessertspoon of good jelly stock, or, if you prefer it, a spoonful of tomato sauce and, if necessary, an added small nut of butter and some seasoning. Spoon this on top of the eggs, finally sprinkling them with chopped parsley.

Alternatively you can place the eggs on the *croûtes* of bread and coat them with any suitable sauce—cheese, anchovy, onion, Hollandaise, etc., and you would choose your garnish accordingly. Or you can vary the savoury mixture: mushroom, kidney, tomato, liver, sweetbreads, or the odd scrap of meat, game, or poultry, minced up, is suitable and delicious. Often a little chopped shallot, onion, garlic, or leek is added, the usual preparation being to slice or chop and *sauté* in butter or olive oil. I would like to emphasise the word *sauté* for it implies gentler cooking than frying.

ANN HARDY

FEATHER PILLOWS

I have been asked how to transfer pillow feathers to a clean case. I would sew up a piece of the new case, leaving an opening about ten inches long. Then I would undo the same amount along the neck of the old case, and simply sew the two together. You can then shake the feathers into their new home without wafting any round the room.

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seam in comfort, with the feathers safely secured inside.

RUTH DREW

Notes on Contributors

LORD HAILEY, P.C. (page 335): Director, African Research Survey, 1935-38; Member of Permanent Mandates Commission, League of Nations, 1935-39; author of *Native Administration in the High Commission Territories, South Africa*, etc.

DON TAYLOR (page 337): Editor of *New Commonwealth*

GEOFFREY TYSON (page 339): Secretary, India, Pakistan, Burma Association since 1953; editor of *Capital*, Calcutta, 1932-1952; Member, Indian Legislative Assembly 1944-47; author of a number of books and articles on India

HON. C. M. WOODHOUSE, D.S.O., O.B.E. (page 340): Director-General, Royal Institute of International Affairs since 1955; author of *The Greek War of Independence*, etc.

MARJORIE JUTA (page 345): author of *The Pace of the Ox* (biography of Paul Kruger)

G. P. GOOCH, C.H., D.Litt. (page 351): editor *British Documents on the Origins of the War, 1898-1914*; author of *Frederick the Great, Courts and Cabinets*, etc.

R. Y. JENNINGS (page 353): Whewell Professor of International Law, Cambridge University

W. JOHN MORGAN (page 361): Welsh correspondent of *The Observer*

Crossword No. 1,349. Head-Hunting—III. By Zander

Prizes (for the first three correct solutions opened): book tokens, value 30s., 21s., and 12s. 6d. respectively

Closing date: first post on Thursday, April 12. Entries should be on the printed diagram and envelopes containing them should be addressed to the Editor of THE LISTENER, Broadcasting House, London, W.1, marked 'Crossword' in the left-hand top corner. In all matters connected with the crosswords the Editor's decision is final

The first letter of every light is out of place. Thus, if the answer to a clue were SLEEP, it would be entered as LSEEP, LESEP, LEESP, or LEEPS. The diagonals 10-21, 8-31, 1-55, 34-54, 45-52, form an

appropriate quotation from W.W. All words other than proper nouns are in *Chambers's Mid-Century Edition*, but 14A will be found under another word.

CLUES—ACROSS

- If you want to make things wet, spray the chute at me (9)
- Primate carrying a cross—that's the climax (4)
- Mud-slinging descendant of Mohammed? (4)
- Smell in the Attic caused by some explosive (4)
- The crest covers most of the engine (5)
- Draw out small amounts which must be returned (4)
- Spoil an old picture that lacks class (3)
- World Organisation on its own, for the most part (6)
- The dress at a U.S. version of Pinafore (6)
- A liquid on a tree shows papal dignity (4)
- The ingredients of this compound are about wrong (6)
- Step on it, kid, and guess Dr. Spooner's future! (6)
- Squirrel makes for shelter in Scotland (4)
- Letter from Greece for Dolly Tree (7)
- A loud choir is a set curiously fit for old fossils (13)
- One who climbs would be blinder without his bit of periscope (7)
- The crawlers come here directly, but soon must go (4)
- Get the scamps in school or else... (6)
- Rushed in a half-built fly to find a way through (6)
- Waste matter, late from Masefield (4)
- He has Cathy losing her head, and is full of Erica (6)
- A Stoic Iroquois Indian (6)
- Oliver produces Shakespeare when old (3)
- To forecast, ring for the servants (4)
- Greets Old More with a brief reply (5)
- There isn't half ruin in the East End (4)
- Sounds like the wrong straw (4)
- Neat, retiring fellows (4)
- Happy toil made her Queen of the Amazons (9)

DOWN

- Draw a hillock (4)
- 999—I must have a short statement that's not copy-right (8)
- See the Turkish war-minister point upwards to a glider (9)
- East Anglians in twice nightly show (5)
- Collection of Scots stars completes the backward row (6)

- Monkey's eye—a kind of nettle (5)
- Light moving particles shake those poor hips (13)
- There's often hot stuff in here—pay up (4)
- The end of a pirate gives savour to Jock (4)
- This coin would be base with no lead (4)
- Acquit one taken in by a former scold (9)
- The one next to us is sour (7)
- She wrote novels—yes, in French, with a knife (5)
- A feature on Hymenoptera is a good support for the local cinema (9)
- Worldly-wise, X is about to sin—seel (9)
- Uncle's dished us—have a heart (7)
- Small explosive pellets give greetings full of fire (8)
- A nipper learning Buddhism (5)
- Take up a tank to the Eighth (6)
- A narrow passage makes one shudder (5)
- Porter, shift the dancing-girl (5)
- Matthew was much consumed by this Florentine flower (4)
- Think up the answer for your reward (4)
- Sacred river where the printer's devil lost his head (4)
- Starling is my name—now throw me out! (4)

Solution of No. 1,347

DOROTHY PERKIN'S
EEREREALITY SAO
ARRITICAEBAN
SWAEININZENI
HARRYEKINGC
EILTASTERNI
ALASSOCRATIC
DELIPELEVENK
MOERGOOSEINK
ORROSEEEEPIN
TNEAEREEREER
HEAERMIXTURE

NOTES

The title refers to the role in 1A., Dorothy Perkins without its 'th', formerly written as one letter called 'thorn'. Under the clue in 1A. is indicated the fact that the rest of the lights are entered in the square also lacking one 'th'.

Across: 10. Ethe-reality; 13. gouty, Selborne Letter XVI; 20. Hen. V. iv iii; 33; 23. 'Paradise Lost' iv, 347.

Down: 3. Acts XVI. 14; 7. 'M.N.Dream', v. i. 287;

8. 2 Sam. XII; 26. Ma-uria-c; 30. Joachimsthaler; 37.

Trollope, Dr. Thorne. 44. M. Fleming, *Oxf. Dict. of Quotations*.

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1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12
13				14				15	16		
17				18			19	20			21
22								23			
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45							46			47	
48							49			50	
51		52				53	54				55

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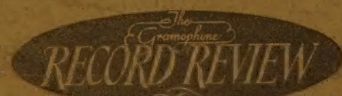
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